Ulrich Middeldorf

Henry Stephens

Advertiſement.

Theſe Three Volumes, with the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Freeholder*, and *Remarks on ſeveral Parts of* Italy, compleat Mr. *Addiſon*'s Works in *Twelves*.

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

VERSE *and* PROSE,

Of the Late Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq;

In THREE VOLUMES.

Consisting of such as were never before Printed in Twelves.

With some Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXVI.

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

VERSE *and* PROSE,

Of the Late Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq;

With some Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR,
By Mr. *TICKELL*.

VOLUME the FIRST.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand*.
MDCCXXXVI.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

His MAJESTY's Principal Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our Friendship, and therefore I thus publickly bequeathe them to You, in return for the many valuable instances of your Affection.

That they may come to you with as little diſadvantage as poſſible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of ſome years, I know well qualified to anſwer my intentions. He has already the honour and happineſs of being under your protection; and, as he will very much ſtand in need of it, I cannot wiſh him better, than that he may continue to deſerve the favour and countenance of ſuch a Patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming ſuch compliments, as would but ill ſuit that familiarity between

between us, which was once my greateſt pleaſure, and will be my greateſt honour hereafter. Inſtead of them, accept of my hearty wiſhes, that the great reputation, you have acquired ſo early, may increaſe more and more: and that you may long ſerve your country with thoſe excellent talents, and unblemiſhed integrity, which have ſo powerfully recommended you to the moſt gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankneſs and generoſity of your ſpirit continue to ſoften and ſubdue your enemies, and

gain you many friends, if poſſible, as ſincere as your ſelf. When you have found ſuch, they cannot wiſh you more true happineſs than I, who am, with the greateſt Zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your moſt Entirely Affectionate Friend,

and Faithful Obedient Servant,

June 4,
1719.

J. ADDISON.

THE

PREFACE,

JOSEPH *ADDISON*, the ſon of *Lancelot Addiſon*, D. D. and of *Jane* the daughter of *Nathaniel Gulſton*, D. D. and ſiſter of Dr. *William Gulſton* Biſhop of *Briſtol*, was born at *Milſton* near *Ambroſebury*, in the county of *Wilts*, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of *Weſtmorland*, and educated at *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*, paſſed many years in his travels through *Europe* and *Africa*, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which ſeveral books publiſhed

liſhed by him are ample teſtimonies. He was Rector of *Milſton* abovementioned, when Mr. *Addiſon* his eldeſt ſon was born: and afterwards became Arch-deacon of *Coventry*, and Dean of *Litchfield*.

Mr. *Addiſon* received his firſt education at the *Chartreux*, from whence he was removed very early to *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*. He had been there about two years, when the accidental ſight of a paper of his verſes, in the Hands of Dr. *Lancaſter* then Dean of that houſe, occaſioned his being elected into *Magdalen* college. He employed his firſt years in the ſtudy of the old *Greek* and *Roman* writers; whoſe language and manner he caught at that time of life, as ſtrongly as other young people gain a *French* accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the Claſſics is what may be called the good-breeding of Poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulneſs which never forſakes a mind, that contracted it in youth, but

is

is ſeldom or never hit by thoſe, who would learn it too late. He firſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his *Latin* compoſitions, publiſhed in the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the beſt authors ſince the *Auguſtan* age, in the two Univerſities, and the greateſt part of *Europe*, before he was talked of as a Poet in Town. There is not perhaps any harder task than to tame the natural wildneſs of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old *Engliſh* Poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phraſes; and even thoſe, who are ſaid to come the neareſt to exactneſs, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at ſomething better than perfection. If Mr. *Addiſon*'s example and precepts be the occaſion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctneſs, we may juſtly attribute it to his being firſt faſhioned by the ancient models, and familiariſed to propriety of thought, and chaſtity of ſtyle. Our country owes it to him,

that

that the famous Monſieur *Boileau* firſt conceived an opinion of the *Engliſh* genius for Poetry, by peruſing the preſent he made him of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous *French* Poet, among the civilities he ſhewed Mr. *Addiſon* on that occaſion, affirmed, that he would not have written againſt *Perrault*, had he before ſeen ſuch excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a ſaying would have been impertinent and unworthy *Boileau*, whoſe diſpute with *Perrault* turned chiefly upon ſome paſſages in the ancients, which he reſcued from the miſ-interpretations of his adverſary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that thoſe books had given him a very new Idea of the *Engliſh* politeneſs, and that he did not queſtion but there were excellent compoſitions in the native language of a country, that poſſeſſed the *Roman* genius in ſo eminent a degree.

The

The first *English* performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. *Dryden*, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth *Georgic* of *Virgil*, of which Mr. *Dryden* makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all *Virgil*'s works: wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. *Addison*, for giving him *The Essay upon the Georgics*, prefixed to Mr. *Dryden*'s translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the *Miscellanies*, while he was young, the largest is *An Account of the greatest English Poets*; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by

by his father. His remarkable ſeriouſneſs and modeſty, which might have been urged as powerful reaſons for his chooſing that life, proved the chief obſtacles to it. Theſe qualities, by which the prieſthood is ſo much adorned, repreſented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him ſtill the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumſtance has ſince turned ſo much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cauſe of which he has beſtowed his labours the more ſucceſsfully, as they were his voluntary, not his neceſſary employment. The world became inſenſibly reconciled to wiſdom and goodneſs, when they ſaw them recommended by him with at leaſt as much ſpirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty eighth year, when his inclination to ſee *France* and *Italy* was encouraged by the great Lord-Chancellor *Somers*, one of that kind

kind of patriots, who think it no waſte of the publick treaſure to purchaſe politeneſs to their country. The Poem upon one of King *William*'s campaigns, addreſt to His Lordſhip, was received with great humanity, and occaſioned a meſſage from him to the author to deſire his acquaintance. He ſoon after obtained, by his intereſt, a yearly penſion of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to ſupport him in his travels. If the uncommonneſs of a favour, and the diſtinction of the perſon who confers it, enhaunce its value: nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than ſuch a bounty from ſo eminent a patron.

How well Mr. *Addiſon* anſwered the expectations of my Lord *Somers*, cannot appear better, than from the book of *Travels* he dedicated to his Lordſhip at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at firſt but indifferently reliſhed by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the cuſtoms

cuſtoms and policies of the ſeveral governments in *Italy*, reflexions upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a meaſure of their buildings. How were they diſappointed, when, inſtead of ſuch particulars, they were preſented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the preſent picture of the country, compared with the landskips drawn by claſſic authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may eaſily imagine a reader of plain ſenſe, but without a fine taſte, turning over theſe parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering how an author, who ſeems to have ſo ſolid an underſtanding, when he treats of more weighty ſubjects in the other pages, ſhould dwell upon ſuch trifles, and give up ſo much room to matters of mere amuſement. There are indeed but few men ſo fond of the ancients, as to be tranſported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate

timate acquaintance. Perſons of that caſt may here have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing annotations upon an old *Roman* Poem, gathered from the hills and vallies where it was written. The *Tyber* and the *Po* ſerve to explain the verſes, that were made upon their banks; and the *Alpes* and *Appennines* are made commentators on thoſe authors, to whom they were ſubjects ſo many centuries ago. Next to perſonal converſation with the writers themſelves, this is the ſureſt way of coming at their ſenſe; a compendious and engaging kind of criticiſm, which convinces at firſt ſight, and ſhews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a diſtance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its uſe, there is certainly a merit in illuſtrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think ſome years of a man's life not miſ-ſpent in ſo elegant an employment. I ſhall conclude what I had to ſay on this performance, by obſerving, that the fame of it increaſed from

from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord *Halifax* may be considered as the text upon which the book of *Travels* is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those, who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signior *Salvini*, professor of the *Greek* tongue at *Florence*, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this Poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals*, now first printed from a manuscript of the Author, were collected in the native country of those Coins. The book it self was begun to be cast into form at *Vienna*, as appears from a letter to Mr. *Stepney*, then minister at that court, dated in *November* 1702.

Some

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. *Addiſon* had deſigned to return to *England*, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince *Eugene*, who had juſt begun the war in *Italy*, as Secretary from His Majeſty. But an account of the death of King *William*, which he met with at *Geneva*, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of Her late Majeſty's reign, he had leiſure to make the tour of *Germany* in his way home.

He remained for ſome time, after his return to *England*, without any publick employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the higheſt pitch of glory, by delivering all *Europe* from ſlavery, and furniſhed Mr. *Addiſon* with a ſubject worthy of that genius which appears in

in his Poem called *The Campaign.* The Lord-Treaſurer *Godolphin*, who was a fine judge of Poetry, had a ſight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded ſimile of the *Angel*; and approved the Poem, by beſtowing on the Author, in a few days after, the place of Commiſſioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. *Locke* to the council of Trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under-ſecretary, which he held under Sir *Charles Hedges*, and the preſent Earl of *Sunderland.* The Opera of *Roſamond* was written, while he poſſeſſed that employment. What doubts ſoever have been raiſed about the merit of the muſick, which, as the *Italian* taſte at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought ſufficiently inexcuſable, becauſe it was the compoſition of an *Engliſh*-man; the Poetry of this piece has given as much pleaſure in the cloſet, as others have afforded from the ſtage, with

with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called *the Tender Husband* appear'd much about the same time, to which Mr. *Addison* wrote the Prologue. Sir *Richard Steele* surprized him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the publick, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. *Addison*.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquess of *Wharton*, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life, which do not regard him as an Author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records in *Ireland* was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him,

at

at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he firſt diſcoverd Sir *Richard Steele* to be Author of *the Tatler*, by an obſervation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his Friend. The aſſiſtance, he occaſionally gave him afterwards in the courſe of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the miniſtry, he found leiſure to engage more conſtantly in that work, which however was dropt at laſt, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the laſt paper, which cloſed thoſe celebrated performances, and in the preface to the laſt volume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addiſon* the honour of the moſt applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the ſeveral papers: Mr. *Addiſon*, who was content with the praiſe ariſing from his own works, and too delicate

to

to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to diſtinguiſh his writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by ſuch marks, as might remove the leaſt poſſibility of miſtake in the moſt undiſcerning readers. It was neceſſary that his ſhare in the *Tatlers* ſhould be adjuſted in a complete collection of his works; for which reaſon Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the requeſt of his deceaſed friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleaſed to mark with his own hand thoſe *Tatlers*, which are inſerted in this edition, and even to point out ſeveral, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned perſon of the Author, and of the ſeveral characters that compoſe his club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*. And, becauſe many paſſages in the courſe of the work would otherwiſe be obſcure, I have taken leave to inſert one ſingle paper, written by Sir

Richard Steele, wherein thoſe characters are drawn, which may ſerve as a *Dramatis Perſonæ*, or as ſo many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the diſtinct papers, they were never or ſeldom ſhown to each other by their reſpective authors; who fully anſwered the promiſe they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raiſed, of purſuing their labour in the ſame ſpirit and ſtrength, with which it was begun. It would have been impoſſible for Mr. *Addiſon*, who made little or no uſe of letters ſent in by the numerous correſpondents of the *Spectator*, to have executed his large ſhare of this task, in ſo exquiſite a manner; if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces, that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the eſſays upon *Wit*, the *Pleaſures of the Imagination*, the *Critique upon Milton*, and ſome others,

others, which I thought to have connected in a continued Series in this edition; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of *Cato* appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last Act was added by the Author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the University, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in *England*, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the Stage, 'till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a

time when they thought the doctrine of Liberty very ſeaſonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applauſe it was received by the public; that the firſt run of it laſted for a month; and then ſtopped, only becauſe one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The Author received a meſſage, that the Queen would be pleaſed to have it dedicated to her: but as he had deſigned that compliment elſewhere, he found himſelf obliged by his duty on the one ſide, and his honour on the other, to ſend it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy ſoon ſpread through *Europe*, and it has not only been tranſlated, but acted in moſt of the languages of Chriſtendom. The tranſlation of it into *Italian*, by Signor *Salvini*, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor *Valetta*, a young *Neapolitan* nobleman, has ever been made public.

If

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the Death of *Socrates* would have been the ſtory. And, however unpromiſing that ſubject may appear, it would be preſumptuous to cenſure his choice, who was ſo famous for raiſing the nobleſt plants from the moſt barren ſoil. It ſerves to ſhew, that he thought the whole labour of ſuch a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon thoſe intrigues and adventures, to which the *Romantic* taſte has confined modern Tragedy; and, after the example of his predeceſſors in *Greece*, would have employed the Drama *to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean, or little; to cheriſh and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to ſoften inſolence, to ſooth affliction, and to ſubdue our minds to the diſpenſations of Providence.**

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Juſtices, in whom the adminiſtration was lodged, appointed

* *Spectator.* N° 39.

him their Secretary. Soon after his Majesty's arrival in *Great Britain*, the Earl of *Sunderland* being constituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, Mr. *Addison* became a second time Secretary for the affairs of that Kingdom; and was made one of the Lords-Commissioners of Trade, a little after his Lordship resigned the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

The paper, called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time, when the rebellion broke out in *Scotland*.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the *Dialogues upon Medals*, and the Treatise upon the *Christian Religion*. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the *Latin* quotations were rendred into *English*, in a very hasty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the good-nature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations,

ons, ſuch as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to thoſe who do not poſſeſs the learned languages.

The ſcheme for the Treatiſe upon the *Chriſtian Religion* was formed by the Author, about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully peruſed the ancient writings, which furniſh the materials for it. His continual employment in buſineſs prevented him from executing it, 'till he reſigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the deſign; he having propoſed, as appears from the introduction, to add the *Jewiſh* to the Heathen teſtimonies, for the truth of the Chriſtian hiſtory. He was more aſſiduous, than his health would well allow, in the purſuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his Poetry alſo, for the future, wholly to religious ſubjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords-Commiſſioners of Trade, advanced to the poſt of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that aſthmatic indiſpoſition, which continued often to afflict him during his exerciſe of that employment, and at laſt obliged him to beg His Majeſty's leave to reſign. His freedom from the anxiety of buſineſs ſo far re-eſtabliſhed his health, that his friends began to hope he might laſt for many years; but (whether it were from a life too ſedentary, or from his natural conſtitution, in which was one circumſtance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulſe) a long and painful relapſe into an aſthma and dropſy deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of *June*, 1719. He left behind him only one Daughter, by the Counteſs of *Warwick*, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the Letter addrest to Mr. *Craggs* (his successor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be perhaps as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern, with which Mr. *Addison* left Me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed as continued in his successor; who made me an ex-

ample, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. *Addiſon*.

Could any circumſtance be more ſevere to me, while I was executing theſe laſt commands of the Author, than to ſee the Perſon, to whom his works were preſented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had ſucceeded Mr. *Addiſon*, to be laid next him in the ſame grave! I might dwell upon ſuch thoughts, as naturally riſe from theſe minute reſemblances in the fortune of two perſons, whoſe names probably will be ſeldom mentioned aſunder, while either our language or ſtory ſubſiſt, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; eſpecially ſince I ſhall want all the patience of the reader for having enlarged it with the following verſes.

To

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of *WARWICK*, &c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon *unpaid ;*
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, *but bemoan,*
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
Slow comes the verſe, that real woe inſpires :
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for-ever to the grave !
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rowes of warriors, and thro' walks of kings !
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire ;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robe'd prelate pay'd ;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd !
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu ;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu !

To

To ſtrew freſh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine,
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy Iles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mold below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.

In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?

A winged Virtue, *through th' ethereal sky,*
From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael *battel'd, and the Dragon fell?*
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or do'ſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from Ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, ſo ye heavens decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crouded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato *there;*

If

If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Juſt and Good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's *noble race,*
Why, once ſo lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more,
No more the ſummer in thy gloomes allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing,
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.

Oh!

Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs *in death to* Addiſon *ſucceeds)*
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!

Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, *th' expiring Sage convey'd,*
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Juſt and Good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's *noble race,*
Why, once ſo lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more,
No more the ſummer in thy gloomes allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing,
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.

Oh!

Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs *in death to* Addiſon *ſucceeds)*
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!

Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, *th' expiring Sage convey'd,*
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

THE CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

To Mr. Dryden. Page 3

A Poem to His Majesty. Presented to the Lord Keeper. 5

A Translation of all Virgil's *Fourth* Georgick, *except the Story of* Aristæus. 16

A Song. For St. Cecilia's *Day at* Oxford. 32

An Account of the Greatest English *Poets. To Mr.* Henry Sacheverell, April 3, 1694. 35

Lettera scritta *d'Italia* al molto onorabile *Carlo* Conte *Halifax*, dal Signore *Giuseppe Addison* l'Anno 1701. In Versi Inglesi. È tradotta in Versi Toscani. 42

A Letter from Italy, *to the Right Honourable* Charles *Lord* Halifax, *in the Year* 1701. 43

Milton's *Style imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third* Æneid. 58

The

CONTENTS.

The Campaign, *a Poem. To his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough. pag. 65

Roſamond. *An Opera. Inſcribed to her Grace the Dutcheſs of* Marlborough. 87

Prologue to the Tender Husband. *Spoken by Mr.* Wilks. 138

Epilogue to the Britiſh Enchanters. 140

Horace, Ode 3. Book 3. 142

Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book 2. *The Story of* Phaeton. 148

—— Phaeton's *Siſters transform'd into Trees.* 162

—— *The Transformation of* Cycnus *into a Swan.* 165

—— *The Story of* Caliſto. 167

—— *The Story of* Coronis *and Birth of* Æſculapius. 174

—— Ocyrrhöe *transform'd to a Mare.* 178

—— *The Transformation of* Battus *to a Touchſtone.* 180

—— *The Story of* Aglauros, *transform'd into a Statue.* 182

—— Europa's *Rape.* 188

Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book 3. *The Story of* Cadmus. 192

—— *The Transformation of* Actæon *into a Stag.* 200

—— *The Birth of* Bacchus. 204

—— *The Transformation of* Tireſias. 208

—— *The Transformation of* Echo. 209

The

CONTENTS.

—— *The Story of* Narciſſus. pag. 212

—— *The Story of* Pentheus. 217

—— *The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.* 216

—— *The Death of* Pentheus. 225

The Story of Salmacis *and* Hermaphroditus, *from the Fourth Book of* Ovid's Metamorphoſes. 228

Notes on ſome of the foregoing Stories in Ovid's Metamorphoſes. 234

Prologue to Phædra *and* Hippolitus. *Spoken by Mr.* Wilks. 254

An Eſſay on Virgil's Georgics. 257

POEMS

POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, ſhall thy ſacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and tranſcend our Praiſe?
Can neither injuries of Time, or Age,
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?
Not ſo thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his Breaſt, and check'd his riſing Thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping Muſe betrays
The *Roman* Genius in its laſt Decays.

Prevailing Warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond Youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the *Romans* known,
And *England* boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd *Virgil*'s Majeſty,
And *Horace* wonders at himſelf in Thee.
Thou teacheſt *Perſius* to inform our iſle
In ſmoother Numbers, and a clearer Style;

And

And *Juvenal*, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.
Thy Copy caſts a fairer Light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright Original.

Now *Ovid* boaſts th' Advantage of thy Song,
And tells his Story in the *Britiſh* tongue;
Thy charming Verſe, and fair Tranſlations, ſhow
How thy own Laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild *Lycaon* chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling through the Woods.

O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble Task prolong,
Nor Age, nor Sickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wond'ring read, how Human Limbs
Have water'd Kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in Streams;
Of thoſe rich Fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold:
How ſome in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
Have liv'd a Second life, and diff'rent Natures try'd.
Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
A Nobler Change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. Coll. *Oxon*,
June 2. 1693.

The Author's age 22.

A

POEM

TO HIS

*MAJESTY.

Presented to the Lord Keeper.

* King William. *Printed in the year* 1695. *The Author's age* 24.

To the Right Honourable

SIR *JOHN SOMERS*,
Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from State-Affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a Kingdom's Cares,
If yet your Time and Actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse unknown:
A Muse that in Advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of Armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain *advanc'd, and* Europe's *Peace Restor'd,*
By SOMERS' *Counsels, and by* NASSAU's *Sword.*

To You, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to Raise the Subject of my song;
To You the Hero *of my verse reveals*
His great Designs, to You in Council tells
His Inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of Towns Unstorm'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well cou'd You, in Your Immortal strains,
Describe his Conduct, and Reward his Pains:
But since the State has all your Cares engrost,
And Poetry in Higher thoughts is lost,

Attend to what a leſſer Muſe indites,
Pardon her Faults, and Countenance her Flights.

On You, my Lord, with anxious Fear I wait,
And from Your Judgment muſt expect my Fate,
Who, free from Vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading Envy, or Miſguided Love;
If you, well-pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of Fame, my Voice I'll boldly raiſe,
For next to what You write, is what You praiſe.

TO THE

KING.

WHEN now the buſineſs of the Field is o'er,
The Trumpets ſleep, and Cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal Echo is decay'd,
And all the Thunder of the Battel laid;
Attend, Auſpicious *Prince*, and let the Muſe
In humble Accents Milder thoughts infuſe.

Others, in bold Prophetick numbers skill'd,
Set thee in Arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muſe expecting on the *Britiſh* ſtrand
Waits thy Return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the Foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durſt not in Heroick ſtrains rejoice;
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons drown'd her Voice:
She ſaw the *Boyn* run thick with Human gore,
And floating Corps lie beating on the Shore:
See ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her *Hero* through the duſty plain,
When through the thick Embattel'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.

O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for Lofty verſe,
In daring numbers wou'd thy Toils rehearſe!
Draw thee Belov'd in peace, and Fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to Noon-day ſweats, and Mid-night cares!
But ſtill the God-like Man, by ſome hard Fate,
Receives the Glory of his toils too late;
Too late the Verſe the mighty Act ſucceeds,
One Age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.

A Thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
Ere *Virgil* rais'd his voice, and ſung the Man
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy Seas, and a diſaſtrous Shore,
Before he ſettled in the Promis'd Earth,
And gave the Empire of the World its birth.

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
Ere *Homer* muſter'd up their Troops in Verſe;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans'* Luſt,
And laid the Labour of the Gods in duſt,
Before the Tow'ring Muſe began her flight,
And drew the Hero raging in the Fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some Mighty Bard lies hid in years to come,

That ſhall in *WILLIAM*'s God-like Acts engage,
And with his Battels warm a Future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy Conqueſt ſhow,
And *Boyn* be Sung, when it had ceas'd to Flow;
Here *Gallick* labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here *Seneffe* ſhall wear Another name.
Our late Poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleaſure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The Guiltleſs Bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.

The Race of *NASSAUS* was by heav'n deſign'd
To curb the proud Oppreſſors of mankind,
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry Injur'd nation's cauſe,
The World's great Patriots; they for Juſtice call,
And as they favour, Kingdoms riſe or fall.
Our *Britiſh* Youth, unus'd to rough Alarms,
Careleſs of Fame, and negligent of Arms,
Had long forgot to Meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the Martial Trumpet blow;
But now, inſpir'd by Thee, with freſh delight,
Their Swords they brandiſh, and require the Fight,
Renew their Ancient Conqueſts on the Main,
And act their Fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was ſtrow'd
With *Gallick* corps, and *Creſſi* ſwam in blood,

With eager warmth they fight, Ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the Breach, or mount the Wall.
In vain the thronging Enemy by force
Would clear the Ramparts, and repel their courſe;
They break through all, for *WILLIAM* leads the way,
Where Fires rage moſt, and loudeſt Engines play.
Namure's late Terrours and Deſtruction ſhow,
What *WILLIAM*, warm'd with juſt Revenge, can do;
Where once a thouſand Turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded Spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of Duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoaking on the ground.

His Toils for no Ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild Ambition moves, but *Europe*'s Fears,
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widow's Tears;
Oppreſt Religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his Arms;
His Conqueſts Freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the Labours of his ſword.

Thus when the forming Muſe wou'd copy forth
A perfect Pattern of Heroick worth,
She ſets a Man Triumphant in the field,
O'er Giants cloven down, and Monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt Angry Gods conſpire to make him Great.

Thy

Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror through the Haughty *Eaſt*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their ſultry ſhore
With horror hear the *Britiſh* engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill Nearer to the Sun.
The *Gallick* Ships are in their Ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of Sea and Wind,
Nor dare again the *Britiſh* Strength engage;
Still they remember that Deſtructive rage
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in Smoke and Fire;
The Waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And Planks, and Arms, and Men, promiſcuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous Fleet that periſht on our coaſt,
Cou'd ſcarce a longer Line of battel boaſt,
The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the Waves in reſtleſs errors rowle,
The Sea lies open now to either Pole:
Now may we ſafely uſe the *Northern* gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* ſpread our ſails;
Or deep in *Southern* climes, Secure from wars,
New Lands explore, and ſail by Other ſtars:
Fetch Uncontroll'd each labour of the Sun,
And make the product of the World our own.

At length, Proud Prince, Ambitious *Lewis*, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble *Europe*'s peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has raſe'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps, and ſtreams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy Arms have made, and ceaſe an impious War,
Nor waſte the Lives entruſted to thy Care.
Or if no Milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great Avenger of mankind,
See mighty *NASSAU* through the Battel ride,
And ſee thy Subjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuſe th'Alarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;
But when thy Cruelties his thoughts engage,
The Hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then Countries ſtoln, and Captives unreſtor'd,
Give Strength to every blow, and edge his Sword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The Town ſurrender'd, and the Treaty ſeal'd;
With what amazing ſtrength the Forts were won,
Whilſt the whole Pow'r of *France* ſtood looking on.

But ſtop not here: behold where *Berkley* ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;

Around

Around thy coaſt his burſting Bombs he pours
On flaming Cittadels, and falling Tow'rs;
With hizzing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round 'em where they break,
The Skies with long aſcending Flames are bright,
And all the Sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with Aſhes, and the Earth with Smoke;
Here Crags of broken Rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten Stones and ſcatter'd Cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the *Aſiatick* ſhore with Duſt.

Now does the Sailor from the Neighb'ring Main
Look after *Gallic* Towns and Forts in vain;
No more his wonted Marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd Ruine lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the Naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wond'ring Mates where Towns and Steeples roſe,
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. *Maloes* ſtood.

Here *Ruſſel*'s Actions ſhould my Muſe require;
And would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs Bravery rehearſe,
And draw his Cannons thund'ring in my verſe;

High on the deck ſhou'd the great Leader ſtand,
Wrath in his Look, and Light'ning in his Hand;
Like *Homer*'s *Hector* when he flung his Fire
Amidſt a thouſand Ships, and made all *Greece* retire.

But who can run the *Britiſh* Triumphs o'er,
And count the Flames diſperſt on ev'ry Shore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd Victory,
And draw the Reader on from Sea to Sea?
Elſe who cou'd *Ormond*'s God-like Acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muſe?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty Worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
Through all the Noiſe and Hurry of the Fight,
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our *Britiſh* Peers thus court Renown,
And grace the Coats their great Fore-fathers won!
Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
Nor *Henry* be the laſt that conquer'd *France*.
What might not *England* hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their Blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our State
In *WILLIAM*'s ſtead, and bear a Kingdom's weight,
The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'er-throw,
And blaſt the Counſels of the common Foe;
Direct our Armies, and diſtribute Right,
And render our *MARIA*'s Loſs more light.

But ſtop, my Muſe, th'ungrateful ſound forbear,
MARIA's name ſtill wounds each *Britiſh* Ear:
Each *Britiſh* Heart *MARIA* ſtill does wound,
And Tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
MARIA ſtill our riſing Mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Ships appear!
Our *NASSAU* comes! and as his Fleet draws near,
The riſing Maſts advance, the Sails grow white,
And all his Pompous Navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of *Britain*, come!
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that Look,
Which ſuch Confuſion and Amazement ſtrook
Through *Gallick* hoſts: But, oh! let Us deſcry
Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleaſure in thy Eye;
Let nothing Dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the Trumpet's ſound;
Well-pleas'd, thy People's Loyalty approve,
Accept their Duty, and enjoy their Love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the Tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of Death encompaſs'd you around,
And Steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So Crown'd with Laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming Joys, and peaceful Bleſſings flow.

A Tranſlation of all VIRGIL's *Fourth Georgick,*

Except the Story of ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL ſweets ſhall next my Muſe engage,
And this, *Mæcenas*, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondr'ous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not ſo the Poet's praiſe,
If great *Apollo* and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

Firſt, for your Bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about, and ſhelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs:
Nor muſt the Lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor Wood-pecks, nor the Swallow harbour near.
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.

Let

Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills run trickling through the graſs;
Let branching Olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or Palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt 'em from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighb'ring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones;
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with Lavender,
With ſtore of Sav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running Betony the Field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoak the Violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The Bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:

For

For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful eugh tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The Bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the Bees repair,
Born on the wind, thro' diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While ſhady coverts, and freſh ſtreams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common Honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their Hives the fragrant juice.

On

On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpets' harſh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
'Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All ſpeckt with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe, and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their kings,
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſom and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt——
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that mingling in the glaſs
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuſe.
But when they ſport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th'unfiniſh'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.

Let

Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells;
Where carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcare-crow god.
Wild Tyme and Pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe 'em in the neighb'ring ſoil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water 'em, and urge their ſhady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the Gardner's toils require,
Why roſy *Pæſtum* bluſhes twice a year;
What ſtreams the verdant Succory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does Parſly grace,
And writhes the bellying Cucumber along the twiſted graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor Myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;
Nor Daffadils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.

For once I ſaw in the *Tarentine* vale,
Where ſlow *Galeſus* drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old *Corician* yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the Vine her purple harveſt yield;

But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and Poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping Lillies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he cou'd empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then wou'd prune the tender'ſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingring weſtern breeze;
His Bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here Lindons and the ſappy Pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his ſmiling orchard dreſt,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring cou'd ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himſelf did on the Bees confer;

Becauſe,

Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th'almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurſt kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young the publick care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper *Narciſſus'* clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabrick on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy Dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious Nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded skies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.

By

By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with Tyme the new-made honey ſmells.

So in their caves the brawny *Cyclops* ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th'unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And *Ætna* ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſie ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On Lavender, and Saffron-buds they feed,
On bending Oſiers, and the balmy Reed;
From purple Violets and the Teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.

All

All work together, all together reſt,
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their different tasks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew;
Again when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſie hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds or ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs sky,
But make ſmall journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring ſpring;
And leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe 'em in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.

But of all cuſtoms that the Bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt;
That none will *Hymen*'s ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender Bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;

Then

Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a Fly ſuch generous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying ſtate,
Tho' ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race their childrens children reign.

No proſtrate vaſſal of the Eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his mighty Prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
" The Bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
" The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,

" To

" To all the vaſt unbounded frame was given,
" And ran thro' earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep of [heav'n;
" That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
" Life that again flows into this at laſt.
" That no compounded animal could die,
" But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the sky.

When-e'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the Bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathſom cloud of ſmoak amidſt their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer skies;
And once when haſt'ning from the watry ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.

The Bees are prone to rage, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd ſting produces aking pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.

When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,

Freſh

Freſh burning Tyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often Lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or Drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of Moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious Waſp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the Spider at the entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.

When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.

Mix

Mix juice of Galls, and Wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd Roſes, Tyme and Centry join,
And Raiſins ripen'd on the *Pſythian* vine.

Beſides there grows a flow'r in marſhy ground
Its name *Amellas*, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews it ſelf in leaves:
The flow'r it ſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp, in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where *Mella*'s ſtream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive;
To raiſe new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That ſpread th' *Arcadian* ſhepherd's name ſo far.
How Bees from blood of ſlaughter'd Bulls have fled,
And ſwarms amidſt the red corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly ſee their bounds
Refreſh'd with floods, and ſail about their grounds,

Where *Perſia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy *Indians* ſoil,
'Till into ſeven it multiplies its ſtream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful ſlime:
In this laſt practice all their hope remains,
And long experience juſtifies their pains.

Firſt then a cloſe contracted ſpace of ground,
With ſtreighten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow ſhelving light is next aſſign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through theſe the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly ſhows,
And ſhakes the comely terrours of his brows:
His noſe and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and ſtifling pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry ſide,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burſt within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, Tyme, and Caſſia, ſtrow'd around.
All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas;
Before the chattering Swallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in ſpring's embroidery are dreſt.
Mean-while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: And now are ſeen

A wond'rous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſs crawls,
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals.
No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the Bee at length appears;
From every ſide the fruitful carcaſs pours
Its ſwarming brood, as thick as ſummer-ſhow'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot 'em on the foes.

Thus have I ſung the nature of the Bee;
While *Cæſar*, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted *Indians* with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a God;
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe:
I who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my *Tityrus* beneath his ſhade.

A Song. *For St.* Cecilia's *Day at* Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the Bleſt,
In choirs of warbling Seraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Attend, harmonious Saint, and ſee
Thy vocal ſons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee:
Tune ev'ry ſtring and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the Muſe and Subject of our ſong.

II.

Let all *Cecilia*'s praiſe proclaim,
Employ the Echo in her name.
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raiſe,
At bright *Cecilia*'s name, their lays;
The Organ labours in her praiſe.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In ſoaring Trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the Baſe.

Cecilia's

Cecilia's name through all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The ſound of ev'ry trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day,
To Muſick and *Cecilia* ;
Muſick, the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of Heav'n we have below.
Muſick can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When *Orpheus* ſtrikes the trembling Lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire ;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,
The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
The Bears in aukward meaſures leap,
And Tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And *Rhodope* was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſick religious heats inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.

Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time it ſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſick ſhall then exert its pow'r,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:
Then Saints and Angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day,
To Muſick and *Cecilia*.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds.
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the Bleſt above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

An Account *of the Greateſt* Engliſh Poets.

To Mr. *Henry Sacheverell*, *April* 3, 1694.

SINCE, deareſt Harry, *you will needs requeſt*
A ſhort account of all the Muſe-poſſeſt,
That, down from Chaucer's *days to* Dryden's *times,*
Have ſpent their noble rage in Britiſh *rhimes;*
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To ſpeak the undertaker's want of ſtrength,
I'll try to make their ſev'ral beauties known,
And ſhow their verſes worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull fore-fathers ſlept ſupine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till *Chaucer* firſt, a merry Bard, aroſe,
And many a ſtory told in rhime, and proſe.
But age has ruſted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obſcur'd his wit:
In vain he jeſts in his unpoliſh'd ſtrain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old *Spenſer* next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;

An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, purſu'd
Thro' pathleſs fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the myſtic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an underſtanding age no more;
The long-ſpun allegories fulſom grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights
Of arms and palfries, battels, fields and fights,
And damſels in diſtreſs, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the ſhades decay,
And all the pleaſing landſchape fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and laviſh of his thought:
His turns too cloſely on the reader preſs:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us leſs.
One glittering thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe.
As in the milky-way a ſhining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continued light;
That not a ſingle Star can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame:
Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs:
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.

What

What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler
[flight.

Bleſt man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful Prelate in thy praiſe;
Bleſt man! who now ſhalt be for ever known,
In *Sprat*'s ſucceſsful labours and thy own.

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtick numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muſe ingage;
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee! he upwards ſprings, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry verſe, array'd in majeſty,
Bold, and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critick's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When Angel with Arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's out-ſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!

What ſounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare,
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the Seraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcenes of *Paradiſe*;
What tongue, what words of rapture can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs!
Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men;
His other works might have deſerv'd applauſe!
But now the language can't ſupport the cauſe;
While the clean current, tho' ſerene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the ſight.

But now, my Muſe, a ſofter ſtrain rehearſe,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and ſmooth thy verſe;
The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays:
Muſe tune thy verſe, with art, to *Waller*'s praiſe.
While tender airs and lovely dames inſpire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate deſire;
So long ſhall *Waller*'s ſtrains our paſſion move,
And *Sacchariſſa*'s beauty kindle love.
Thy verſe, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring ſong,
Can make the vanquiſh'd great, the coward ſtrong.
Thy verſe can ſhow ev'n *Cromwell*'s innocence,
And compliment the ſtorm that bore him hence.

Oh

Oh had thy Muſe not come an age too ſoon,
But ſeen great *Naſſau* on the *Britiſh* throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had *Boin*'s wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if *Maria*'s charms thou wouldſt rehearſe,
In ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe;
Thy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
And *Gloriana* wou'd have ſeem'd more fair.

Nor muſt *Roſcommon* paſs neglected by,
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry:
Rules whoſe deep ſenſe and heav'nly numbers ſhow
The beſt of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, *Denham*, muſt we e'er forget thy ſtrains,
While *Cooper*'s *Hill* commands the neighb'ring plains.

But ſee where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in rhime, but charming ev'n in years.
Great *Dryden* next, whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers, and the fitteſt words.
Whether in Comick ſounds or Tragick airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
If Satire or heroick ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her Hero pleaſes, and her Satire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.

How

How might we fear our *Engliſh* Poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhou'd decay with thee;
Did not the Muſes other hope appear,
Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And *Dryden*'s Muſe ſhall in his Friend ſurvive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
But juſtice ſtill demands one labour more:
The noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To *Dorſet* he directs his artful Muſe,
In numbers ſuch as *Dorſet*'s ſelf might uſe.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verſe, and writes in looſe familiar ſtrains;
How *Naſſau*'s godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the Hero in full glory ſhines!
We ſee his army ſet in juſt array,
And *Boin*'s dy'd waves run purple to the Sea.
Nor *Simois* choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid *Xanthus*' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's higheſt themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiſcuous in their ſtreams.
But now, to *Naſſau*'s ſecret councils rais'd,
He aids the Hero, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, *receive*
The laſt poor preſent that my Muſe can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe 'em with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear Friend and Muſe, farewel.

LETTERA

LETTERA SCRITTA *D'ITALIA* AL MOLTO ONORABILE *CARLO* Conte *HALIFAX*

Dal Signore GIUSEPPE ADDISON *l'Anno* MDCCI. *In Verſi Ingleſi.*

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI.*

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villeſche attragonvi,
E di Britannia dagli Ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a ſuoi ingrati Figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, voſtro ozio immolate;
Me in eſteri Regni il Fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce ſtagion, e'l vago Clima
Fanno, che voſtra quiete in verſi io turbi.

Ovunque

* *By the Abbot* Anton. Maria Salvini *Greek Profeſſor at* Florence.

A

LETTER from *ITALY*,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES *Lord* HALIFAX,

In the Year MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.
Virg. Geor. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from *Britannia*'s publick poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhime.

For

Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viſte inalzanſi;
Attornianmi Poetiche Campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar claſſico ſuolo;
Sì ſovente ivi Muſa accordò l'Arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle ſorgevi,
Celebre in verſi ivi ogni pianta creſce,
E in celeſte armonia ciaſcun rio corre.

Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boſchi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in ſuo corſo
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in ſua ſorgente,
Veder condur ſua ſchiera d'acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d'Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante ſolfo.

Di mille eſtaſi acceſo io ſopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De Fiumi Re, che ſovra i pian ſcorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore aſciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.

Talor ſmarrito dal drappel ſonoro
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionſi in ſilenzio, e obblio perduti;
(Muti i lor fonti ſon, ſecche lor vene)

For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetick fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on Claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her Harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth *Clitumnus* to his ſource,
To ſee the *Mincio* draw his watry ſtore
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoaking ſulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering *Alps* of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)

Yet

Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.

Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran Fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D'una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei ne le bocche de Poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Bain povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per Vostri Versi, e per la Spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l onde sue
Levate in alto pel Mondo risuonano
Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d immortal verso.

Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia.

Mira quali aree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola sì ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda Regione,
E nell' aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e pin esaltati odori.

Rozze

Yet run for ever by the Muſe's skill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's Empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetick lays,
With ſcorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;
'Till by Your lines and *Naſſau*'s ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.

Oh cou'd the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhou'd ſhine,
And *Virgil*'s *Italy* ſhou'd yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of *Britain*'s ſtormy Iſle,
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:

Ev'n

Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.
Portimi un Dio di Baia a i gentil Seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d'Umbria traggami,
Ove i Pon enti eterna han residenza
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l' anno tutto.

Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l' esaltate
Bellezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in Moli di ruine.
D' Anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e Nazioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i Ciel Colonne aspre d intaglio,
Di Trionfo superbi Archi là sorgono,
U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle Scene mia vagante
Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto spettacol d' animate Rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.

Ev'n the rough rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to *Baia*'s gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in *Umbria*'s green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When *Rome*'s exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its publick ſhows Unpeopled *Rome*,
And held Uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old *Romans* deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.

In

In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli:
Torvi Tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
E Imperadori in Pario Marmo accigliansi;
Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù stan soggetti, ognora mostrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.

Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verso.
Là ve da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure scon da suo
Pennello, e i mistricati suoi colori
Ca'di di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduto.
Mio strabilito spirto qui confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e Templi s' alzan la in distanti
Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Musa.

Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che Ciel, e Sol compartono,
I risi di Natura, e i vezzi d'Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppression regna in sue Valli,
E Tirannia suoi Pian felici usurpa?

Il

In ſolemn ſi'ence, a majeſtick band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Conſu'ls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.

Fain would I *Raphael*'s godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſht ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples rite in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muſe.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppreſſion in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?

The

Il povreo Abitante mira indarno
Il roſſeggiante Arancio, e 'l pingue Grano,
Creſcer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra ſi ſdegna,
In mezzo alla Bontà de'la Natura
Maledetto languiſce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la ſete.

O Libertà, o Dea Celeſte, e Bella!
Di ben profuſa, e pregna di diletto
Piaceri eterni te preſente regnano.
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia
Vien nel ſuo peſo Suggezion piu lieve;
Povertà ſembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura il viſo oſcuro gaio;
Doni al Sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.

Te Dea, te la Britannia Iſola adora,
Come ha ſovente ella ogni ben ſuo eſauſto,
E ſpeſſo t'ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno penſa il tuo poſſente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo eſſer comprato.
Puo ſopra eſteri monti il Sole i grappoli
Per dolce ſugo maturare a vino;
Di boſchi di cedrati ornare il ſuolo,
Gonfiar la graſſa oliva in flutti d'olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente Clima
Dell' Etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di noſtro Ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a Noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning Orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing Oils and Wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.

Oh Liberty, thou Goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the Sun, and pleaſure to the Day.

Thee, Goddeſs, thee, *Britannia*'s Iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The Grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With Citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat Olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* ſhine:

Corona Libertà la Britann' Isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.

Le torreggianti Moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose Cupolo,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar Sassi animati a vivere.
D'Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli Emuli Stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi Regi;
Degli afflitti Vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sueco attaccati in fiere Allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente Condotta, e 'l buon Governo.
Testo che poi le nostre Flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in Pace
Tutto il Settentrional Mondo si giace.

L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il Gran Tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini Figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa.
Ma acquistare, o dividere in van provasi,
Cui l'arme di Nassò, e'l senno guida.

Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti Climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in più ardita prova.

Ma

'Tis Liberty that crowns *Britannia*'s Iſle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains [ſmile.

Others with towering piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the ſtretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis *Britain*'s care to watch o'er *Europe*'s fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate,
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbours' Pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors ceaſe,
And all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons wou'd diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtick ſpite;
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Naſſau*'s arms defend and counſels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant climes and different tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtrugling Muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.

Ma io di già hovvi turbato aſſai,
Ne tentar oſo un piu ſublime Canto.
Più dolce Thema il baſſo verſo chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Eroi: che i Carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o Voſtri onorar debbono.

But I've already troubled you too long
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong.
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil*'s, or like yours, ſhou'd praiſe.

Milton's *Style imitated, in a Tranſlation of a Story out of the Third* Æneid.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We ſtruck upon the coaſt where *Ætna* lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhowers of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Incenſt, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or ſlings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench and ſmoke.

'Tis ſaid, that thunder-ſtruck *Enceladus*
Groveling beneath th'incumbent mountain's weight
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots through all the Iſle,
And *Etna* thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the Sun's bright orb, and blots out Day.

Here

Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itſelf to *Cynthia*'s ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the Sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature ſtood diſclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a *Greek*.

He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpriz'd:
But ſoon recovering ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: " By heav'ns eternal fires,
" By ev'ry God that ſits enthron'd on high,
" By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
" And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
" So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.

" 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late
" With ſword and fire o'erturn'd *Neptunian Troy*,
" And laid the labour of the Gods in duſt;
" For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
" Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
" Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
" Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuſe of tears
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet:
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of fortune ſunk thus low;
Anchiſes too with friendly aſpect mild
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, ſays he, of poor deſcent, my name
Is *Achæmenides*, my country *Greece*,
Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who, whilſt he fled
The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant *Polypheme*'s dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repaſt: himſelf of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the fleſh

Of

Of mortal Men, and ſwills the vital blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
Two ſprawling *Greeks*, in either hand a man:
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke 'em on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd it ſelf amidſt his teeth
As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs mean-while
Our Chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confuſed.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A forky ſtaff we dext'rouſly apply'd,
Which, in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred *Cyclops* live among the hills,
Gigantick brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,

Enormous in their gait ; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft ſeen 'em as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the Moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,
The realms of Night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind *Polypheme* ; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of Pine
Explor'd his way ; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing ; to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within ; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmoſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide ; we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure, a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till uſing all the force of winds and oars
We ſped away ; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd

Such

Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a league remote,
In diſtant echo's anſwer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,
A dire aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.

So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM,

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH.*

——— *Rheni pacator et Iſtri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quæ ſuâ impenſâ, ſuo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præſtet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint. Liv. Hiſt. lib. 33.

THE *CAMPAIGN*, A POEM.

WHILE crouds of Princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While Emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And *ANNA*'s praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe;
Accept, great leader, what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights,
Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new.
Ten thouſand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th'important year,
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of One campaign.

The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry ſide,
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;

Auſonia's

Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Apennines* in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing *Danube* its long race began,
And half its courſe through the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred ſtates;
Great *Leopold* himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to deſpair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their eyes,
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In *ANNA*'s councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her Prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd faith, and friendſhip's holy tyes:
Their Sovereign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;

The nation thanks them with a publick voice,
By ſhow'rs of bleſſings heaven approves their choice;
Envy it ſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud 'em moſt.

Soon as ſoft venal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,
'Till the *Moſelle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war.
Delightful ſtream, had Nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts
Hope'd, when they ſaw *Britannia*'s arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant *Danube* to the *Maeſe*,

Between

Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the heroe's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds.
Our *Britiſh* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native ſoil.

Still to the riſing Sun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That chearfully his labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs)

Breathing

Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the Vine o'er hills of ruine climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s crimes.

At length the fame of *England*'s hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battel ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares entruſt the cauſe of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the heroe's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of *Britiſh* ſhouts reſound:

Doubling

Doubling their ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.

The weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſt of foes
Were never to behold that evening cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battel waſte;

Still

Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke,
Through flames of ſulphur, and a night of ſmoke,
'Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avenger to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battel kindled into tenfold rage
With ſhow'rs of bullets and with ſtorms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While MARLBRÔ lives *Britannia*'s ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence.
Plunging thro' ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear,

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, conſus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And *Europe*'s deſtiny depends on thine.

At length the long-diſputed paſs they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their camp with *Britiſh* legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight encreas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving foes diſperſt in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry ruſsling wind the victor hear,
And MARLBRÔ's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.

To *Donawert*, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils *Bavaria*'s ſummer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The food of armies and ſupport of wars:
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter *Landau*'s walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* arms;
The *Gallic* arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And croud thy ſtandards with the power of *France*,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat,

Long

Long did he ſtrive th'obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fixt in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller conſort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the wind;
The daring Prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.

The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterneſs of ſoul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And *ANNA*'s ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horrour to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can *Britiſh* minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt:
Tho' fens and floods poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.

But O, my Muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battel join'd!

Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous ſound
The victor's ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battel riſe.
'Twas then great MARLBRÔ 's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the ſtorm.

But ſee the haughty houſhold-troops advance!
The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*.
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's love of conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* ſpear:
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;

Contempt

Contempt and fury, fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warriour burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s glory, ſmiles in death.

The rout begins, the *Gallic* ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mixt,
Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lie in the *Danube*'s bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the diſtant *Soane*,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into *Scythian* ſeas their bloated corps convey.

From *Bleinheim*'s tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death, aud ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mixt tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thy ſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *Engliſh* Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly diſtreſt! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquiſht fell
The marſhes ſtagnate, and the rivers ſwell.

Mountains

Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King diſhonours, to compleat
MARLBRÔ's great work, and finiſh the defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high domes, and *Ausburg*'s walls,
The diſtant battel drives th'inſulting *Gauls*,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
The reſcu'd ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates.

The Hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If ſieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an army ſtorm'd;
If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the ſeries of his toils compleat?

Where the ſwoln *Rhine* ruſhing with all its force
Divides the hoſtile nations in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On *Gallia*'s ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, tho' the dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of ſeaſons, and increaſe of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger ſhow,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of MARLBRÔ's ſword, and *Hocſtet*'s fatal plain:
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts, and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Auſtria's

Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Scepters and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th'embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And *Nireus* ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of Almighty *Rome*
(Divinely fluſht with an immortal bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by MARLBRÔ's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the Hero's ſight.

The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,

To *Belgian* coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the *Rhine* purſues,
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſt by reſcu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, free'd from its dire alarms;
And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
While MARLBRÔ preſſes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The works of ages ſunk in One campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares:
By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd *Iſter*'s ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of *Engliſh* liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and deſcend on all,

Secure

Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the Hero caſt a borrow'd blaze.
MARLBRÔ's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint 'em trueſt praiſe 'em moſt.

ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inſcribed to her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of *MARLBOROUGH.*

Hìc quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6.

A Copy of VERSES in the Sixth Miſcellany,

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

ROSAMOND.

——— *Ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi Muſa Lyræ ſolers, et Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

THE Opera *firſt* Italian *maſters taught,*
Enrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's *learned theatre diſdains*
Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
And bluſhes on her injur'd ſtage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet ſtupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, *but as* Virgil *ſtrong.*

From.

From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And Muſick borrows helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans *knew,*
Thy flowing numbers far excell the new;
Their cadence in ſuch eaſie ſound convey'd,
That height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſie ſound.

Landſchapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and laviſh fancy builds!
What art can trace the viſionary ſcenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlaſting greens,
The babling ſounds that mimick Echo plays,
The fairy ſhade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elyſium *to one view confin'd!*
No farther could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrugh *fram'd, and* Marlbro' *rais'd the Dome.*

Ten thouſand pangs my anxious Boſom tear,
When drown'd in tears I ſee th'imploring fair:
When bards leſs ſoft the moving words ſupply,
A ſeeming juſtice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring Swans complain)
Each verſe ſo ſwells, expreſſive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines ſo mournful flows;

We,

We, ſpight of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.

Let joy tranſport fair Roſamonda's *ſhade,*
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's *ghoſt ſhe roves,*
And hears and tells the ſtory of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
Nor longer that relentleſs doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, *and an* Addiſon.

Accept, great monarch of the Britiſh *lays,*
The tribute ſong an humble ſubject pays.
So tries the artleſs Lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the God of verſe, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boaſt of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the ſtrings of ev'ry Lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels correſponding joys or ſorrows riſe,
And views thy Roſamond *with* Henry's *eyes.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King *Henry.*

Sir *Truſty*, Keeper of the Bower.

Page.

Meſſenger.

WOMEN.

Queen *Elinor.*

Roſamond.

Grideline, Wife to Sir *Truſty.*

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodſtock Park.*

ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Proſpect of Woodſtock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What ſcenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And ſoft *Elyſiums* riſe:
Flow'ry mountains,
Moſſie fountains,
Shady woods,
Cryſtal floods,
With wild variety ſurpriſe.

As

* *As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*
A hundred echo's round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is toſt,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves reſounding,
Not a ſingle word is loſt.

PAGE.

There gentle *Roſamond* immured
Lives from the World and you ſecured.

QUEEN.

Curſe on the name! I faint, I die,
With ſecret pangs of jealouſie.——— [*Aſide.*

PAGE.

There does the penſive beauty mourn,
And languiſh for her Lord's return.

QUEEN.

Death and confuſion! I'm too ſlow——— [*Aſide.*
Show me the happy manſion, ſhow———

PAGE.

Great *Henry* there ——

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more! ———

PAGE.

——— Great *Henry* there
Will ſoon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN.

No more! the happy manſion ſhow
That holds this lovely guilty foe.

My

* *Alluding to the famous Echo in* Woodſtock-Park.

My wrath, like that of heav'n, ſhall riſe,
And blaſt her in her Paradiſe.

PAGE.

Behold on yonder riſing ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in ſhades,
Running an eternal round.

QUEEN.

In ſuch an endleſs maze I rove,
Loſt in labyrinths of love.
My breaſt with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring ſoul by turns.

PAGE.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the ſoft confinement guides.

QUEEN.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither doſt thou go!
What has ſhe done to move thee ſo!
— Does ſhe not warm with guilty fires
The faithleſs Lord of my deſires?

Have

Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She ſhall die, ſhe ſhall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent:
How could the Fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not reſign!
One ſo great and ſo brave
All hearts muſt enſlave.

PAGE.

Hark, hark! what ſound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry *comes!*
Hautboys, Trumpets, Fifes and Drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A ſound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

QUEEN.

Henry returns, from danger free!
Henry returns! — but not to me.
He comes his *Roſamond* to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows, to *Eleonora* due.

Here

Here ſhall the happy Nymph detain,
(While of his abſence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The Traitreſs ſhall bleed;
No fear ſhall alarm,
No pity diſarm;
In my rage ſhall be ſeen
The revenge of a Queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir TRUSTY, Knight of the Bower, *ſolus.*

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a ſhe,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are ſo jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I ſhiver;
Whence riſes this convulſive ſtrife?
I ſmell a ſhrew!
My fears are true,
I ſee my wife.

SCENE

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Faithleſs varlet, art thou there?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRIDELINE.

Monſter, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Why wilt thou call thy turtle ſo?

GRIDELINE.

Cheat not me with falſe careſſes.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Let me ſtop thy mouth with kiſſes.

GRIDELINE.

Thoſe to fair *Roſamond* are due.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

She is not half ſo fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

I'll ſtill be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I ſee,
Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir

Sir TRUSTY.

O Grideline! *conſult thy glaſs,*
Behold that ſweet bewitching face,
Thoſe blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.

GRIDELINE.

O *how bleſt were* Grideline,
Could I call Sir Truſty *mine!*
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With ſoft, but ah! deceiving ſmiles:
How ſhould I revel in delight,
The ſpouſe of ſuch a peerleſs Knight!

Sir TRUSTY.

At length the ſtorm begins to ceaſe,
I've ſooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aſide.*
I feel, I feel my fury riſe!
Tigreſs, be gone.

GRIDELINE.

——— I love thee ſo
I cannot go.

Sir TRUSTY.

Fly from my paſſion, Beldame, fly!

GRIDELINE.

Why ſo unkind, Sir *Truſty*, why?

Sir

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a fooliſh, fond wife.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Let us part,
Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this paſſion flow?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous ſcold.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art a ruſtick to call me ſo.
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous ſcold,
But thou art a ruſtick to call me ſo.
Thou, Traitor, adieu!

Sir TRUSTY.

Farewel, thou Shrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou Traitor.

Sir

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou ſhrew.

BOTH.

Adieu! Adieu! [Exit *Grid.*

Sir *TRUSTY*, ſolus.

How hard is our fate,
Who ſerve in the ſtate,
And ſhould lay out our cares
On publick affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils
Make all our great labours miſcarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Roſamond*'s bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the ſmall,
As principal pimp to the mighty King *Harry*.
But ſee, the penſive fair draws near:
I'll at a diſtance ſtand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and Sir* TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from ſhade to ſhade,
From ſtream to purling ſtream convey'd,

Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my Lord's return
I figh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?
To rend my breaſt,
And break my reſt,
A thouſand thouſand Ills combine.
Abſence wounds me,
Fear ſurrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?

Sir TRUSTY.

What heart of ſtone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps ſo doleful join! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

How does my conſtant grief deface
The pleaſures of this happy place!
In vain the ſpring my ſenſes greets
In all her colours, all her ſweets;
To me the Roſe
No longer glows,

Every

Every plant
Has loſt his ſcent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The bloſſoms freſh with morning dew,
The breeze, that ſweeps theſe fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple ſcenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſtore)
Charm my tortur'd ſoul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why ſo ſlow! great Henry, *why!*
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my Arms,
Fly to my Arms, my Monarch fly!

Sir TRUSTY.

How much more bleſs'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

O *Roſamond,* behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curſe this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence aſtray:

At home thou ſeeſt thy Queen enraged,
Abroad thy abſent Lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

Sir TRUSTY.

Such cold complaints befit a Nun:
If ſhe turns honeſt, I'm undone! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

Beneath ſome hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near ſome warbling fountain
Bewail my ſelf aſleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring ſtreams,
And winds in conſort joining,
Raſe ſadly-pleaſing dreams. [Ex. *Roſ.*

Sir TRUSTY, *ſolus.*

What ſavage tiger would not pity
A damſel ſo diſtreſs'd and pretty!
But hah! a ſound my bower invades,
[*Trumpets flouriſh.*
And echo's through the winding ſhades;
'Tis *Henry*'s march! the tune I know:
A Meſſenger! It muſt be ſo.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER *and Sir* TRUSTY.

MESSENGER.

Great *Henry* comes! with love oppreſt;
Prepare to lodge the royal gueſt.
From purple fields with ſlaughter ſpread,
From rivers choak'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with ſpoils,
Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conquerour.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

The bower and Lady both are dreſt,
And ready to receive their gueſt.

MESSENGER.

Hither the victor flies, (his Queen
And royal progeny unſeen;)
Soon as the *Britiſh* ſhores he reached,
Hither his foaming courſer ſtretched:
And ſee! his eager ſteps prevent
The Meſſage that himſelf hath ſent!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Here will I ſtand
With hat in hand,
Obſequiouſly to meet him,
And muſt endeavour
At behaviour,
That's ſuitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King Henry *after a flouriſh of Trumpets.*

KING.

Where is my love! my *Roſamond!*

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Firſt, as in ſtricteſt duty bound,
I kiſs your royal hand,

KING.

Where is my life! my *Roſamond!*

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Next with ſubmiſſion moſt profound,
I welcome you to land.

KING.

Where is the tender, charming fair!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I ſay.

KING.

Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

For when we have a Prince's ear,
We ſhould have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to ſpeak, and him to hear.

KING.

Theſe dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir

Sir TRUSTY.

I ſpeak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! ſhe faints, ſhe dies.

KING.

What doſt thou ſay? I ſhake with fear.

Sir TRUSTY.

Nay, good my Liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING.

Was ever Nymph like Roſamond,
So fair, ſo faithful, and ſo fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all deſire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and ſprings to her embrace.

Sir TRUSTY.

At the ſight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chuſe
For firſt interviews?

KING.

Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where Woodbines, Roſes, Jeſſamines,
Amaranths, and Eglantines,
With intermingling ſweets have wove
The particolour'd gay Alcove.

Sir TRUSTY.

Your Highneſs, Sir, as I preſume,
Has choſe the moſt convenient gloom;
There's not a ſpot in all the park
Has trees ſo thick, and ſhades ſo dark.

KING.

Mean-while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-ſick jealouſie appear;
Nor ſenſeleſs pomp, nor noiſe intrude
On this delicious ſolitude;
But pleaſure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleaſing pleaſing anguiſh
When we love, and when we languiſh!
Wiſhes riſing!
Thoughts ſurprizing
Pleaſure courting!
Charms tranſporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys enſuing!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing anguiſh! [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary ſoul forget
Reſtleſs glory, martial ſtrife,
Anxious pleaſures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

ROSAMOND.

Thus let me loſe, in riſing joys,
Fierce impatience, fond deſires,
Abſence that flatt'ring hope deſtroys,
And life-conſuming fires.

KING.

Not the loud *Britiſh* ſhout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor claſhing arms,
Nor fields with hoſtile banners ſtrow'd,
Nor life on proſtrate *Gauls* beſtow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breaſt,
While with my *Roſamond* I'm bleſt.

ROSAMOND.

My *Henry* is my ſoul's delight,
My wiſh by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The ſecret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror ſurvey,
And look my very ſoul away.

KING.

O may the preſent bliſs endure,
From fortune, time, and death ſecure!

BOTH.

O may the preſent bliſs endure!

KING.

My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Thoſe gentle ſounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppreſt,
My aking temples call for reſt!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreſhing ſlumbers I'll invite,
Then ſeek again my abſent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit* King.

ROSAMOND ſola.

From whence this ſad preſaging fear,
This ſudden ſigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my ſilent dreams by night
With ſuch a look I've ſeen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the ſky,
And loſt in endleſs tracks of light;

While

While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deſarts born,
Through lonely wilds have ſeem'd to ſtray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're fantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endleſs joys in ſtore.
Farewel ſorrow, farewel fear,
They're fantoms all! my Henry's *here.*

SCENE II.

A Poſtern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

My ſtomach ſwells with ſecret ſpight,
To ſee my fickle, faithleſs Knight,
With upright geſture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable *Grideline?*

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes ſo oft I ſpy
His whiskers curl'd, and ſhoe-ſtrings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his ſide,
In ſhoulder-belt ſo trimly plac'd,
With band ſo nicely ſmooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE.

If *Roſamond* his garb has view'd,
The Knight is falſe, the Nymph ſubdu'd.

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falſhood by a thouſand ſigns:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the fooliſh Echo talks;
Oft in the glaſs he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond eaſie heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Roſamond*, and ſmiles.

PAGE.

Well may you feel theſe ſoft alarms,
She has a heart———

GRIDELINE.

——— And he has charms.

PAGE.

PAGE.

Your fears are too juſt ——

GRIDELINE.

—— Too plainly I've prov'd.

BOTH.

He loves and is lov'd.

GRIDELINE.

O mercileſs fate!

PAGE.

Deplorable ſtate!

GRIDELINE.

To die ——

PAGE.

—— *To be ſlain*

GRIDELINE.

By a barbarous ſwain,

BOTH.

That laughs at your pain.

GRIDELINE.

How ſhou'd I act? canſt thou adviſe?

PAGE.

Open the gate, if you are wiſe;
I, in an unſuſpected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their looſe amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Truſty* innocent.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art in truth
A forward youth,

Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'ſt our ſex. Thou art a Page.

PAGE.

I'll do what I can
To ſurprize the falſe man.

GRIDELINE.

Of ſuch a faithful ſpy I've need:*
Go in, and if thy plot ſucceed,
Fair youth, thou may'ſt depend on this,
I'll pay thy ſervice with a kiſs. [*Exit* Page.

GRIDELINE *ſola.*

Pr'ythee Cupid *no more*
Hurl thy darts at threeſcore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Truſty *and me*
From thy frolicks be free. [Ex. *Grid.*

SCENE III.

PAGE ſolus.

O the ſoft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various ſhades ariſe,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies;
Paths by meeting paths are croſt,
Alleys in winding alleys loſt;

Fountains

* *An opening Scene diſcovers another view of the Bower,*

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolneſs to the paſſing breeze.

A thouſand fairy ſcenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a ſtream,
Sweet deluſion,
Gay confuſion,
All a viſion, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My boſom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thouſand checks my heart controul,
A thouſand terrours ſhake my ſoul.

PAGE.

Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard— [*Apart.*

QUEEN.

I ſee, I ſee my hands embru'd
In purple ſtreams of reeking blood:
I ſee the victim gaſp for breath,
And ſtart in agonies of death:

I ſee my raging dying Lord,
And O, I ſee my ſelf abhorr'd!

PAGE.

My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear *Britannia*'s Queen lament. [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

What ſhall my trembling ſoul purſue?

PAGE.

Behold, great Queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs inſtruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That Bow'r will ſhow
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

——It is decreed——it ſhall be ſo; [*After a pauſe.*
I cannot ſee my Lord repine
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they moſt charms to move,
Whoſe boſoms burn with pureſt love!

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondneſs glows,
O jealouſie! thou hell of woes! [*Aſide.*
That conſcious ſcene of love contains
The fatal cauſe of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale ſhe lies,
Where thoſe fair-bloſſom'd arbours riſe.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Let us haſte to deſtroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantick is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy ſtriving,
Heaven in pity ſend relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and deſpair
What heart can bear!
Eaſe my ſoul, or ſtrike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *ſola.*

Tranſporting pleaſure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes diſcover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!
A ſudden motion ſhakes the grove:
I hear the ſteps of him I love;
Prepare, my ſoul, to meet thy bliſs!
——— Death to my eyes; what ſight is this!
The Queen, th' offended Queen I ſee!
——— Open, O earth! and ſwallow me!

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN *with a Bowl in one hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by This, or This, shall end.

ROSAMOND.

What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd Majesty?

QUEEN.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a Dagger in thy heart.

ROSAMOND.

Can *Britain*'s Queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from *Britain*'s Queen!

QUEEN.

How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe? [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,

Health

Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life it self should be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could resist great *Henry*'s charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with Lovesick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on your self, and pity me!

QUEEN.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

ROSAMOND.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN.

—— They flow in vain.

ROSAMOND.

Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs! ——

QUEEN.

—— They rise too late.

Hope

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

ROSAMOND.

Tho' I live Wretched, let me Live.
In ſome deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Baniſh'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where ſhades of everlaſting night
May this unhappy face diſarm,
And caſt a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor *Henry* more.

QUEEN.

Moving language, ſhining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and aſſwage. [Aſide.

ROSAMOND.

What ſhall I do to pacifie
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN.

——Thou ſhalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Give me but one ſhort moment's ſtay.
—— O *Henry*, why ſo far away? [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of ſtreaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

—— O ſpare my blood,

And

And let me graſp the deadly bowl.

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my ſoul! [*Aſide.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus proſtrate at your feet I fall.
O let me ſtill for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,
The ſoul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the lateſt gaſp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, ſhow it now.

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death ſhall thine purſue. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow, [*Drinks.*
—— Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go!

QUEEN.

Where thy paſt life thou ſhalt lament,
And wiſh thou hadſt been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the ſtroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying ſoul with fury burns,
And ſlighted grief to madneſs turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Roſamond *will leave thee ſo:*

At

At dead of night,
At glaring ſpright,
With hideous ſcreams
I'll haunt thy dreams;
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry *ſhall revenge my cauſe.*

O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary ſprings of life ſtand ſtill;
The ſleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch*

QUEEN.

Hear and obſerve your Queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath thoſe hills a Convent ſtands,
Where the fam'd ſtreams of *Iſis* ſtray;
Thither the breathleſs coarſe convey,
And bid the cloiſter'd maids with care
The due ſolemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

When vanquiſh'd foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them Die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquiſh'd foe to Live!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY *in a Fright.*

A breathleſs corps! what have I ſeen!
And follow'd by the jealous Queen!
It muſt be ſhe! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir *Truſty* live
To hear his Maſter chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate ſuch bitter beer,
Fair *Roſamond*, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The King this doleful news ſhall read
In lines of my inditing:
Great Sir, [*Writes.*
" Your *Roſamond* is dead
" As I am at this preſent writing.
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance —— I ſtretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels —— I'm gone.
[Staggers and falls.

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN, *ſola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Roſamond* ſhall charm no more.

Hence

Hence ye ſecret damps of care,
Fierce diſdain, and cold deſpair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealouſie, the rage of love.

My Henry *ſhall be mine alone,*
The Hero ſhall be all my own;
Nobler joys poſſeſs my heart
Than crowns and ſcepters can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Grotto*, HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels suppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the* British *Kings in War and in Peace.*

1 *ANGEL.*

BEHOLD th' unhappy Monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 *ANGEL.*

In fields of death around his head
A shield of Adamant I spread.

1 *ANGEL.*

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *British* throne.

2 *ANGEL.*

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed Hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 *ANGEL.*

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebell,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH.

But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 ANGEL.

I'll fire his ſoul with mighty themes,
'Till Love before Ambition fly.

1 ANGEL.

I'll ſooth his cares in pleaſing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 ANGEL.

Whatever glorious and renown'd
In Britiſh *annals can be found;*
Whatever actions ſhall adorn
Britannia's *heroes, yet unborn,*
In dreadful viſions ſhall ſucceed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul *ſhall bleed,*
Creſſy *ſhall ſtand before his eyes,*
And Agincourt *and* Blenheim *riſe.*

1 ANGEL.

See, ſee, he ſmiles amidſt his trance,
And ſhakes a viſionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, claſhing arms,
The ſofter prints of love deface;
And trumpets ſound in ev'ry trace.

BOTH.

Glory ſtrives!
The field is won!
Fame revives,
And love is gone.

1 AN-

1 ANGEL.

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long-revolving years,
Thy Bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruines grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending! *
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprizing,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 ANGEL.

He sees, he sees the great reward
For *Anna*'s mighty Chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1 ANGEL.

Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead———

2 ANGEL.

———*And grief may rage*———

BOTH.

But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.

* *Scene changes to the Plan of* Blenheim *Castle.*

HENRY, *ſtarting from the Couch.*

Where have my raviſh'd ſenſes been!
What joys, what wonders, have I ſeen!
The ſcene yet ſtands before my eye,
A thouſand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obſcure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day diſplay'd,
My ſoft inglorious hours upbraid.
Tranſported with ſo bright a ſcheme,
My waking life appears a dream.
Adieu, ye wanton ſhades and bowers,
Wreath of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Roſie brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!
O *Roſamond!* O riſing woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O *Roſamond!* O fair diſtreſs'd!
How ſhall my heart, with grief oppreſs'd,
Its unrelenting purpoſe tell;
And take the long, the laſt farewel!
Riſe, Glory, riſe in all thy charms,
Thy waving creſt, and burniſh'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courſer bound,

Bid

Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my ſoul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer Love will ask them all. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir Truſty *lies upon the ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every ſtar, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to aſſwage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Myſterious love, uncertain treaſure,
Haſt thou more of pain or pleaſure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endleſs torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee?
But oh the ſight my ſoul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I baniſh'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I muſt retire.
[*Retires to the end of the ſtage.*

SCENE III.

KING *and* QUEEN.

KING.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my ſoul, unus'd to fear,
With ſecret horror doſt thou ſhake?
Can Dreams ſuch dire impreſſions make!
What means this ſolemn, ſilent ſhow?
This pomp of death, this ſcene of woe!
Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Roſamond is dead.*
What ſhall I ſay, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my ſoul is toſt,
And in the whirle of paſſion loſt.
Why did I not in battel fall,
Cruſh'd by the thunder of the *Gaul?*
Why did the ſpear my boſom miſs?
Ye pow'rs, was I reſerv'd for this!

Diſtracted with woe
I'll ruſh on the foe
To ſeek my relief:
The ſword or the dart
Shall pierce my ſad heart,
And finiſh my grief!

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Fain wou'd my tongue his grief appeale,
And give his torture'd bosom eale. [Aside.

KING.

But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

QUEEN.

Why do I here my Lord receive?

KING.

Is this the welcome that you give?

QUEEN.

Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

BOTH.

And is it thus, ah! thus our great!

QUEEN.

What in these guilty shades cou'd you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

KING.

Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

QUEEN.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

KING.

The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

QUEEN.

A heart so unrepenting,

KING.

A rage so unrelenting,

BOTH.

Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.

KING.

Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My *Rosamond*, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lilly was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.

QUEEN.

How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My Lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The Living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, cou'd Die.

KING.

The Living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

QUEEN.

Were your lov'd *Rosamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

KING.

KING.

Oh no; by Viſions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,
I came to take my laſt adieu.

QUEEN.

How am I bleſs'd if this be true!——— [*Aſide.*

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!———

QUEEN.

Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Roſamond* does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him eaſe?
When his paſſion we diſcover,
Oh how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!
The bliſs returns, and we receive
Tranſports greater than we give.

KING.

O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does *Roſamond* live?

QUEEN.

The bowl, with drowſie juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* drugs diſtill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But ſoon the waking nymph ſhall riſe,

And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloiſter'd walls and virgin choire:
With them in ſongs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent ſhall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu,

KING.

How am I bleſt if this be true! [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

Attoning for her ſelf and you.

KING.

I ask no more! ſecure the fair
In life and bliſs: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul miniſter of vice
Again my ſinking ſoul intice
Its broken paſſion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN.

How does my heart for ſuch a prize
The vain cenſorious world deſpiſe,
Tho' diſtant ages, yet unborn,
For *Roſamond* ſhall falſly mourn;
And with the preſent times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for ſuch a prize
The vain cenſorious world deſpiſe!

But see your Slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the Potion shall survive
Believe your *Rosamond* Alive.

KING.

O happy day! O pleasing view!
My Queen forgives ———

QUEEN.

——— My Lord is true.

KING.

No more I'll change,

QUEEN.

No more I'll grieve:

BOTH.

But ever thus united live.

Sir TRUSTY *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one wou'd swear it were the same.
My former Legs too, by their pace!
And by the Whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er wou'd Bury me in Green.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Have I then liv'd to ſee this hour,
And took thee in the very Bow'r?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Widow *Truſty*, why ſo Fine?
Why doſt thou thus in Colours ſhine?
Thou ſhould'ſt thy husband's death bewail
In Sable veſture, Peak and Veil.

GRIDELINE.

Forbear theſe fooliſh freaks, and ſee
How our good King and Queen agree.
Why ſhou'd not we their ſteps purſue,
And do as our ſuperiors do?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I ſee;
But this I'm ſure, howe'er it be,
It ſuits a perſon in my ſtation
T'obſerve the mode, and be in faſhion.
Then let not *Grideline* the chaſte
Offended be for what is paſt,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous Knight.

GRI-

GRIDELINE.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis ſo courtly to be true.
Since conjugal paſſion
Is come into faſhion,
And marriage ſo bleſt on the throne is,
Like a Venus *I'll ſhine,*
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Truſty *ſhall be my* Adonis.

Sir TRUSTY.

And Sir Truſty *ſhall be thy* Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

KING.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou ſource of chaſte delights,
Chearful days, and bliſsful nights,
Thou doſt untainted joys diſpenſe,
And pleaſure join with innocence:
Thy raptures laſt, and are ſincere
From future grief and preſent fear.

BOTH.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?

Prologue to the TENDER HUSBAND.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of Farce,
When Fools were many, and when Plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle Character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of Fops was all their own;
Rich in Originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a Coxcomb that was new.

But now our *Britiſh* Theatre can boaſt
Droles of all kinds, a vaſt Unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and Citts, and Bawds, and Pimps, and Beaux;
Rough-country Knights are found of every ſhire;
Of every faſhion gentle Fops appear;
And Punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit.
Our modern Wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a Fool:
Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the Town, and beat about the Park,

To

* *A Comedy written by* Sir Richard Steele.

To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court;
As love of pleaſure, or of place invites:
And ſometimes catch him taking Snuff at *White*'s.

Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful Monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the Common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
——Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.

Our Author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with Variety of fools his Play;
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two Ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The firſt a Damſel, travell'd in Romance;
The t'other more refin'd; ſhe comes from *France*;
Reſcue, like courteous Knights, the Nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the Stranger.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To the BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

WHEN *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of Muſick is to Muſick join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage *Urganda* wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand,
The deſart ſmiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.

The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſcape mixt,
Scenes of Still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continu'd ſhow:
But as our two Magicians try their skill,
The viſion varies, tho' the place ſtands ſtill,

While

* *A Dramatick Poem written by the Lord* Lanſdown.

While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without Unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' Enchanter turns the Critick to a jeſt.

But howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects diſappear and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that Circle we divert your ſight.

HORACE,

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Auguſtus *had a deſign to rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire, having cloſetted ſeveral Senators on the project:* Horace *is ſuppos'd to have written the following Ode on this occaſion.*

THE Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Not the red arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.

Should

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruine and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the bleſt abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a place among the Gods;
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.

By arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe:
His Tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the deſart and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the laſh, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that *Rome*'s great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.

Troy,

Troy, ſays the Goddeſs, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and ſoft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of ſervile Gods,
Now ſpreads its ruines all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.

Since falſe *Laomedon*'s tyrannick ſway,
That durſt defraud th'immortals of their pay,
Her guardian Gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repell;
To my reſentment, and *Minerva*'s rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The ſoft adult'rer ſhines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s force the *Trojans* ſhield,
That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.

My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To *Mars* his off-ſpring of the *Trojan* line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him riſe,
And take his ſtation in the skies;
There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
With ſcenes of glory, fields of light;

Quaff

Quaff with the Gods immortal wine,
And ſee adoring nations crowd his ſhrine:

The thin remains of *Troy*'s afflicted hoſt,
In diſtant realms may ſeats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by ſeas, from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd roar.

Still let the curſt deteſted place,
Where *Priam* lies, and *Priam*'s faithleſs race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty ruines play,
And frisk upon the tombs of Kings.

May Tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
Sad ſolitary haunts, and ſilent deſarts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmoleſted Lioneſs
Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.

While *Troy* in heaps of ruines lies,
Rome and the *Roman* Capitol ſhall riſe;
Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In

In vain the ſea's intruding tide
Europe from *Afric* ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd world in two:
Through *Afric*'s ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
And the long train of victories purſue
To *Nile*'s yet undiſcover'd head.

Riches the hardy ſoldier ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on gold with un-deſiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
Thoſe glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt bounds that nature ſets,
The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine;
Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the line.

This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a ſecond *Troy*,
If none the raſh deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
That ſhall the new foundations raſe:

Greece

Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
And at their armies head my ſelf will ſhow
What *Juno*, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice ſhould *Apollo*'s ſelf the city raiſe
And line it round with walls of braſs,
Thrice ſhould my fav'rite *Greeks* his works confound,
And hew the ſhining fabrick to the ground;
Thrice ſhould her captive dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the Gods to light:
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in Lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious sky;
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddeſſes the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)
With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,

While

While ſome on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the Siſters grace,
A Siſter's likeneſs was in every face.
On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,
Men, Towns, and Beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural Deities.
O'er all, the Heav'n's refulgent Image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.

Here *Phaeton*, ſtill gaining on th'aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
'Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious God:
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aking ſight.

The God ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.

He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face,
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my Son? for know
"My Son thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo.

"Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
"Illuſtrious Parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
"The Parent's name, ſome certain token give,
"That I may *Clymenè*'s proud boaſt believe,
"Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve.

The tender fire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My Son, ſaid he,
"Come to thy Father's arms! for *Clymenè*
"Has told thee true; a Parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my Son.
"As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
"By *Styx* I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
"And roul impervious to my piercing ſight.

The youth tranſported, asks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:

"My

" My ſon, ſays he, ſome other proof require;
" Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire.
" I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
" Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſwade.
" Too vaſt and hazardous the task appears,
" Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength, nor to thy years.
" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
" Beyond the province of mortality:
" There is not one of all the Gods that dares
" (However skill'd in other great affairs)
" To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
" Not *Jove* himſelf, the ruler of the sky,
" That hurles the three-fork'd thunder from above,
" Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as *Jove?*
" The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain:
" And when the middle firmament they gain,
" If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
" And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,
" Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
" And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight.
" A mighty downfal ſteeps the ev'ning ſtage,
" And ſteddy reins muſt curb the horſes' rage.
" *Tethys* her ſelf has fear'd to ſee me driv'n
" Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
" Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
" Turns ſtars and planets in a different courſe:
" I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
" Born back by all the current of the sky.

" But how could You reſiſt the orbs that roul
" In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
" And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods;
" While through a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
" Where forms of ſtarry Monſters ſtock the skies:
" For, ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The *Bull* with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
" Next him the bright *Hæmonian Bow* is ſtrung;
" And next, the *Lion*'s grinning viſage hung:
" The *Scorpion*'s claws here claſp a wide extent,
" And here the *Crab*'s in leſſer claſps are bent.
" Nor would you find it eaſie to compoſe
" The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
" The ſcorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their head-ſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
" Let not my Son a fatal gift require,
" But, O! in time, recall your raſh deſire;
" You ask a gift that may your Parent tell,
" Let theſe my Fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a Father from a Father's care:
" Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look, you'd read the Father there.
" Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or skies,
" For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal task,
" For 'tis a Miſchief, not a Gift, you ask;

" You

" You ask a real Miſchief, *Phaeton:*
" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my Son:
" I grant your wiſh, and *Styx* has heard my voice,
" Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice.

Thus did the God th' unwary youth adviſe;
But he ſtill longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond Father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the *Vulcanian* chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The Youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys;
When now the morn diſclos'd her purple rays;
The ſtars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chaſe'd
The ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.
Soon as the Father ſaw the roſy morn,
And the moon ſhining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble *Hours* without delay
Bring forth the ſteeds; the nimble *Hours* obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his Son, the God of day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial ointment wet,
Of ſov'reign virtue to repel the heat;

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding ſigh, and ſaid,

" Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my Son:
" Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on:
" The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
" Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte.
" Drive 'em not on Directly through the skies,
" But where the *Zodiac*'s winding circle lies,
" Along the midmoſt *Zone*; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant ſouth, nor ſtormy north.
" The horſes' hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
" That no new fires or heav'n or earth infeſt;
" Keep the mid way, the middle way is beſt.
" Nor, where in radiant folds the *Serpent* twines,
" Direct your courſe, nor where the *Altar* ſhines.
" Shun both extremes; the reſt let Fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thy ſelf provide!
" See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
" *Aurora* gives the promiſe of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th'attempt forſake,
" And not my Chariot, but my Counſel take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let Me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view.

He

He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his Father with remorſe receives.

Mean while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood.
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before 'em lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the caſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The Youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th'unballaſs'd veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The Youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The Youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the *Seven ſtars* firſt felt *Apollo*'s ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.
The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,

And rage'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, *Boötes* too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

Th' unhappy Youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the Pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt,
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the Gods and Prayer.

What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the Eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden Weſt.
The horſes' Names he knew not in the fright:
Nor wou'd he looſe the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em tight.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That, deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the Youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt 'em looſe upon their mains,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and through a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the Earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The highlands ſmoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fewel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.

The mountains kindle as the Car draws near,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with fires appear;

Oeagrian Hæmus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin *Helicon* increaſe the flame;
Taurus and *Oete* glare amid the sky,
And *Ida*, ſpight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron*, glow;
And *Rhodopè*, no longer cloath'd in ſnow;
High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnaſſus*, ſweat,
And *Ætna* rages with redoubled heat.
Even *Scythia*, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
And *Caucaſus*, and proud *Olympus*, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended *Alpes* aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' aſtoniſht Youth, where-e'er his eyes cou'd turn,
Beheld the Univerſe around him burn:
The World was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hov'ring in the ſmoke,
He flew where-e'er the Horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the Horſes drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy *Moor* begun
To change his hue, and Blacken in the ſun.

Then

Then *Libya* firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of Sand.
The Water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of Silver *Dirce*, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails,
And *Argos* grieves whilſt *Amymonè* fails.

The floods are drain'd from every diſtant coaſt,
Even *Tanaïs*, tho' fix'd in ice, was loſt.
Enrage'd *Caïcus* and *Lycormas* roar,
And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd *Mæander*, that unweary'd ſtrays
Through mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze.
From his lov'd *Babylon Euphrates* flies;
The big-ſwoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* riſe
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the ſkies.
In flames *Iſmenos* and the *Phaſis* roul'd,
And *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.
The Swans, that on *Cayſter* often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd.
The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His ſeven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roul'd, ſeven gaping trenches lie.
No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their courſe maintain,
Nor *Tiber*, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazling ray,
And ſtartles *Pluto* with the flaſh of day.

The

The ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
Wide naked plains, where once their billows roſe;
Their rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The number of the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*.
The fiſh in ſholes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap:
Gaſping for breath, th'unſhapen *Phocæ* die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and *Doris* with her virgin train,
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The *Earth* at length, on every ſide embrac'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floated round her waiſt,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blaſted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat:)
" If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
" And I deſerve it, let me die by *Jove*;
" If I muſt periſh by the force of fire,
" Let me tranſfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapours choke,

" See

" See my ſinge'd hair, behold my faded eye,
" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
" And does the plow for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and haraſs'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
" But grant Me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heaven?
" If I nor He your pity can provoke,
" See your own Heavens, the heavens begin to ſmoke!
" Shou'd once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abodes,
" Deſtruction ſeizes on the heavens and gods;
" *Atlas* becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heaven, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
" All muſt again into their chaos turn.
" Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And ſuccour nature, ere it be too late.
She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.

Jove call'd to witneſs every Power above,
And even the God, whoſe Son the Chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.

Strait

Strait he aſcends the high Ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his ſhowers and ſtorms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither ſtorm nor ſhower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty Sire
Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-ſtruck from heaven.
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, ſcatter'd o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments lay.
The breathleſs *Phaeton*, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling ſtar,
That in a ſummer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
'Till on the *Po* his blaſted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

PHAETON's *Siſters transform'd into Trees.*

The *Latian* nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;

And,

And, whilſt yet ſmoaking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe:
" Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies;
" His Father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of One whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a Sun:
The burning ruines, with a fainter ray,
Supply the Sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that ſtill did nature's face diſcloſe:
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.

But *Clymenè*, enrage'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inſpires, her paſſion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantick in her woes,
With hair diſhevel'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where-e'er his body might be caſt;
'Till, on the borders of the *Po*, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)

And

And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldeſt, *Phaethuſa*, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Her ſelf with-held, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with Leaves;
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But ſtill above were female Heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the Mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to ſay,
"Forbear, miſtaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewel

" Farewel for ever." Here the bark encreas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.

The new-made trees in tears of Amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the Sun,
Diſtill for ever on the ſtreams below:
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mixt in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright *Latian* maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS *into a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy Monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembring how his kinſman burn'd,

To

To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own Sun-ſhine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and over-caſt his eyes,
As when ſome dusky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.

Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pain'd,
Now warm reſentments to his grief he joyn'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" E'er ſince the birth of Time, ſaid he, I've born
" A long ungrateful toil without return;
" Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning Carr;
" Or, if none elſe, let *Jove* his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My Son deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate.

The Gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night:
Jove too himſelf, deſcending from his height,

Excuſes

Excuſes what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majeſtically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,
And plies 'em with the laſh, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son.

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was ſettled in its courſe; and *Jove*
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was ſafe: The earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on every different coaſt,
And every land; but on *Arcadia* moſt.
Her fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blaſted face
With running fountains, and with ſpringing graſs.
No tracks of heaven's deſtructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature ſmiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,
By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The Nymph nor ſpun, nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;

To

To chaſte *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er *Mænalus*, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.

The Sun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrace'd;
She flung her ſelf on the cool graſſy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
" Here I am ſafe, he cries, from *Juno*'s eye;
" Or ſhould my jealous Queen the theft deſcry,
" Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
" And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!
Diana's ſhape and habit ſtrait he took,
Soften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
" How fares my girl? How went the morning chace?
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
" All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
" To *Jove* himſelf, tho' *Jove* himſelf were here.
The God was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.

He

He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere ſhe half had told the morning chace,
With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
Smother'd her words, and ſtop'd her with a kiſs;
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could *Diana*'s ſhape conceal the God.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure *Juno* muſt have pardon'd, had ſhe view'd)
With all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove;
But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove!*

Poſſeſt at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heavens th'inſulting God retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With down-caſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face,
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.

But now *Diana*, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the Nymph; the Nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a *Jove* diſguis'd in Her;
But, when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter Nymphs, ſuppreſs'd
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.

How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;

Nor

Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the Nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the Moon had nine times loſt her light,
When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs through the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.

A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: "And now no ſpies are near,
"Let's ſtrip, my gentle maids, and waſh, ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant Nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone! the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain:
She fled, for-ever baniſh'd from the train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;

The

The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
" It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!
" This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
" My husband's baſeneſs, and the ſtrumpet's love:
" But vengeance ſhall awake; thoſe guilty charms,
" That drew the Thunderer from *Juno*'s arms,
" No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
" Nor pleaſe the God, nor make the Mortal vain.

This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of *Jove*, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice thro' a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds: her mind was ſtill the ſame.
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to *Jove*,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.

How

How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow-brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy Bear, tho' now her ſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged Wolves retire,
Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!

But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chace, and in the foreſt bold;
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouze his mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But *Jove* forbad, and ſnatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there:
Where the new Conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern skies.

When *Juno* ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars, and circled round with light,
She ſought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,
And *Tethys*; both rever'd among the Gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask, ſays ſhe,
"What brings me here, Heaven is no place for me.
"You'll

" You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
" *Jove*'s ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
" Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee 'em proudly roul
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
" And who ſhall now on *Juno*'s altar wait,
" When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the Nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
" *Jove* to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt;
" This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
" But let the God his chaſte amours purſue,
" And, as he acted after *Io*'s rape,
" Reſtore th' adult'reſs to her former ſhape;
" Then may he caſt his *Juno* off, and lead
" The great *Lycaon*'s off-ſpring to his bed.
" But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
" And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
" Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
" Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams.

The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given.
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand Eyes;
The Eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the Raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of CORONIS, *and Birth of* ÆSCULAPIUS.

The Raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt Dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.

The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In *Theſſaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true.
But his own bird the Raven chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the God he ply'd;
The buſy Daw flew with him, ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teizing queſtions drew
Th'important ſecret from him as they flew.
The Daw gave honeſt counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.

" Stay

' Stay, ſilly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuſe,
' Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
' Be warn'd by my example: you diſcern
' What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn.
' My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
' Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time,
' The two-ſhap'd *Eriƈthonius* had his birth
' (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
' *Minerva* nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
" The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
" To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
' The ſiſters *Pandroſos* and *Hersè* keep
" The ſtriƈt command; *Aglauros* needs would peep,
" And ſaw the monſtrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her ſiſters to the hideous ſight:
" A Boy's ſoft ſhape did to the waiſt prevail,
" But the boy ended in a Dragon's tail.
" I told the ſtern *Minerva* all that paſs'd,
" But for my pains, diſcarded and diſgrace'd,
" The frowning goddeſs drove me from her ſight,
" And for her favorite choſe the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:

" But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
" Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, ſhe won't deny:
" For I, whom in a feather'd ſhape you view,
" Was once a Maid (by heaven the ſtory's true)
" A blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.
" A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cauſe of all my harms;
" *Neptune*, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
" Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
" He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
" Swift he purſu'd: I ran along the ſtrand,
" 'Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
" I ſhriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
" To gods and men; nor God nor Man was there:
" A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer.
" For, as my Arms I lifted to the skies,
" I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
" I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to Plumes, and girt me round:
" My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
" Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the ſand, but skim'd along the ſhore;
" 'Till, riſing on my Wings, I was prefer'd
" To be the chaſte *Minerva*'s virgin bird:
" Prefer'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
" *Nyctimene* the Owl enjoys my place.

" On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
" (In *Lesbos* ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does penance in a Bird,
" That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
" The Birds, where-e'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The Raven, urge'd by ſueh impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curſt the harmleſs Daw; the Daw withdrew:
The Raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe *Coronis* and the favour'd youth.

The God was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook:
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt,
That had ſo often to his own been preſt.
Down fell the wounded Nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And weltring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel God! tho' I have juſtly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn Infant done,
" That He ſhould fall, and two expire in one?
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.

The God diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſhood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft, that ſent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that ſent the ſhaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely Nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a God could Weep, the God had Wept.
Her corps he kiſs'd, and heavenly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.

But, leſt his off-ſpring ſhould her fate partake,
Spight of th'immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur *Chiron*'s charge:
Then in his fury Black'd the Raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his White plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the ſandy ſhore
The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore,
With hair diſhevel'd on her ſhoulders came
To ſee the child, *Ocyrrhöe* was her name;

She knew her father's art, and could rehearſe
The depths of prophecy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The God was kindled in the raving Maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetick tale;
" Hail, great Phyſician of the word, all-hail;
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind.
" Thy daring art ſhall animate the Dead,
" And draw the Thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then ſhalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Riſe up victorious, and be Twice a God.
" And thou, my Sire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
" To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toſs, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
" The *Hydra*'s venom rankling in thy veins?
" The Gods, in pity, ſhall contract thy date,
" And give thee over to the power of Fate.

Thus, entering into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended *Jove* betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
" My voice, ſays ſhe, is gone, my language fails;
" Through every limb my kindred ſhape prevails:

" Why did the God this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetick raptures ſwell my heart!
" What new deſires are theſe? I long to Pace
" O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on Graſs;
" I haſten to a Brute, a Maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My Sire does Half a human ſhape retain,
" And in his upper parts preſerves the Man.

Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents and miſ-ſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings, as declare
The Human form confounded in the Mare:
'Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the Beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the Steed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is born,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe frisks her train.
The Mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The Transformation of BATTUS *to a Touch-ſtone.*

Sore wept the Centaur, and to *Phœbus* pray'd;
But how could *Phœbus* give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry *Jove*,
In *Elis* then a herd of Beeves he drove;

And

And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of Oake,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the Shepherd's cloak;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
A Drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd.
The theft an old inſidious Peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
Hire'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed
His favourite Mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thieviſh God ſuſpected him, and took
The Hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke;
" Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
" Go, ſtranger, cries the clown, ſecurely on,
" That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell;" and ſhow'd a ſtone.

The God withdrew, but ſtrait return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country Swain;
And cries out, " Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
" Of Bullocks and of Heifers paſs this way?
" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A Bullock and a Heifer ſhall be thine.
The Peaſant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
" In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The Double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The God, ſucceſsful in the tryal, ſmil'd;

" And doſt thou thus betray my ſelf to me?
" Me to my ſelf doſt thou betray? ſays he:
Then to a *Touch-ſtone* turns the faithleſs Spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS, *transform'd into a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grac'd,
And wide *Munichia*, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feaſt, when each *Athenian* Maid
Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtick gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining Virgins fill'd the plain.

The God well pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the ſpreading Kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the Prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the God the Virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.

As

As *Lucifer* excells the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer*;
So much did *Hersè* all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with fury ſlung
From *Balearick* engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a God.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand;
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd Ivory line'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of Tortoiſe ſhine'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were place'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous *Hersè* grace'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching God deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.

" I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo
" Your Siſter, and to make an aunt of you ;
" I am the ſon and meſſenger of *Jove*,
" My name is *Mercury*, my buſineſs Love;
" Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart.

She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on *Minerva*'s ſecret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the Nymph ſucceed;
And now remembring the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-ſwoln ſighs her inward rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing *Ægis* on her breaſt;
Then ſought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholſom skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the Fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of Vipers for her food.

Minerva

Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the Goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite: while watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to her ſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The Goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: "To *Athens* ſpeed thy flight;
"On curſt *Aglauros* try thy utmoſt art,
"And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart.
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to Heaven: The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe her ſelf muſt give.

Then

Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of tho.
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind born,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe, a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are deface'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waſt
On mortals next, and peopled towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When *Athens* ſhe beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute *Minerva*'s dire command,
She ſtroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to madneſs the devoted maid:
Her ſubtle venom ſtill improves the ſmart,
Frets in the blood, and feſters in the heart.

To make the work more ſure, a ſcene ſhe drew,
And place'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her Siſter's Marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary Bride appears in ſtate;
The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows;
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.

Fu

Full of the dream, *Aglauros* pine'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day;
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant Sun;
Or like unwholeſome weeds, that ſet on fire
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion wrought)
Oft did ſhe call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt:
At length before the door her ſelf ſhe caſt;
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick God deny'd.
The God careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd Maid.
In vain he ſooth'd; "Begone! the Maid replies,
"Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe.
"Then keep thy ſeat for ever, cries the God,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joynts are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
And Marble now appears in every nail.
As when a Cancer in the body feeds,
And graduai death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;

'Till

'Till hard'ning every where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone.
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

EUROPA's *Rape.*

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn Maid,
From where the bright *Athenian* turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the skies.
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the reſt,
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt.

" My truſty *Hermes*, by whoſe ready aid
" Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
" Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
" And to the walls of *Sidon* ſpeed thy courſe;
" There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
" The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the ſhore.

Thus ſpoke the God, concealing his intent.
The truſty *Hermes* on his meſſage went,
And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the ſhore;

Where

Where the King's Daughter with a lovely train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern skies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the work-man's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the Lover in the Beaſt.

Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight.
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtroak'd his head.
He ſtood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.

And

And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring ſtrand,
Now rowls his body on the yellow ſand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal Maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breaſt.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſt the Thunderer,
She plac'd her ſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the ſhoar,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one hand is born
Upon his back; the other graſps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through ſtorms and tempeſts he the Virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the *Dictean* ſhore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his True ſhape he captivates the Maid;

Wh

Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majeſtick figure riſe,
His glowing features, and celeſtial light,
And all the God diſcover'd to her ſight.

OVID's

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES*,

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now *Agenor* had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can *Jove* in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry Sire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the *Delphick* dome;
There asks the God what new-appointed home

Should

Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The *Delphick* oracles this anſwer give.

" Behold among the fields a lonely Cow,
' Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
' Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
' There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
' And from thy guide *Bœotia* call the land,
' In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand.

No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the *Delphick* God,
When in the fields the fatal Cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude:
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great Power whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery *Panopè* ſhe took,
And now, *Cephiſus*, croſs'd thy ſilver brook;
When to the Heavens her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, 'till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.

Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lie;

Then

Then ſends his ſervants to a neighbouring grove
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to *Jove*.
O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary Den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glance'd his eyes:
His towering creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes:
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The *Tyrians* in the Den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy Serpent with the ſound.
Strait he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rouls his glaring eyes.
The *Tyrians* drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:

Then

'hen floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd;
'hen leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
)f ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize,
'he Serpent in the polar circle lies,
'hat ſtretches over half the Northern ſkies.
n vain the *Tyrians* on their arms rely,
n vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
ll their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
)me die entangled in the winding train;
)me are devour'd; or feel a loathſom death,
voln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.

And now the ſcorching Sun was mounted high,
all its luſtre, to the noon-day ſky;
'hen, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
o ſearch the woods th'impatient Chief prepares.
Lion's hide around his loins he wore,
he well-pois'd Javelin to the field he bore
ur'd to blood; the far-deſtroying Dart,
nd, the beſt weapon, an undaunted Heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
e ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
he ſcaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
sking at eaſe, and feaſting in their blood.
Such friends, he cries, deſerv'd a longer date;
But *Cadmus* will revenge, or ſhare their fate.

Then

Then heav'd a Stone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around.
With more ſucceſs the Dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warriour threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force.
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rage'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal *Stygian* waters caſt;
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enrowl'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſterous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the Lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;

The pointed Jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The Serpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
'Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receive'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the Champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.

The dauntleſs Heroe ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, 'till a knotty Oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,
That in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierce'd the ſolid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy Oak;
'Till ſpent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
" Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
" Inſulting Man! what thou thy ſelf ſhalt be?
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:

When *Pallas* ſwift deſcending from the Skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plow up the field, and ſcatter round
The Dragon's Teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.

He ſows the Teeth at *Pallas*'s command,
And flings the Future People from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts;
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees; 'till all the Man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.

Cadmus ſurpriz'd, and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war.
This ſaid, he ſtruck his Brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by Another's wound;

Nor

Nor did the Third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood: and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at *Pallas*'s command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Bœotian* empire birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſt:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs Gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.

Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his Grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;

To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their Huntſman to become their Prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of ACTÆON *into a Stag.*

In a fair Chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtore'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen 'till the heat of day
Purſue the Stag, and load themſelves with prey;
When thus *Actæon* calling to the reſt:
" My friends, ſays he, our ſport is at the beſt.
" The Sun is high advance'd, and downward ſheds
" His burning beams directly on our heads;
" Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
" Call off the dogs, and gather up the toiles;
" And ere to-morrow's Sun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.

Down in a vale with Pine and Cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,

The

The chaſte *Diana*'s private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood
A ſpacious Grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with Pumice-ſtone,
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art.
Here the bright Goddeſs, toil'd and chafe'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy Nymph her proper part undreſt;
While *Crocalè*, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undreſt the ſhining Goddeſs ſtood,
When young *Actæon*, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked Nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurprize,
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries.)

Then in a huddle round their Goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn:
And tho' the crowding Nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.
Surpriz'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her Bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd 'em in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
" Tell, if thou can'ſt, the wond'rous ſight diſclos'd;
" A Goddeſs Naked to thy view expos'd.

This ſaid, the Man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with ſudden hairs o'er-grown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt.
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched *Actæon!* in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.

What

What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the Deer, and skulk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart aſſails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening Hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.

He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the ſad Huntſman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.

His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chance'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advance'd,
And call'd their Lord *Actæon* to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name;
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker-on.
But, to his grief, he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a Deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actæon's ſufferings, and *Diana*'s rage,
Did all the thoughts of Men and Gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which *Diana* wrought,
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the fault;
Others again eſteem'd *Actæon*'s woes
Fit for a Virgin Goddeſs to impoſe.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reaſons are produce'd on either ſide.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the Goddeſs, nor excuſe:
She heeded not the juſtice of the deed,
But joy'd to ſee the race of *Cadmus* bleed;

For

For ſtill ſhe kept *Europa* in her mind,
And, for her ſake, deteſted all her kind.
Beſides, to aggravate her hate, ſhe heard
How *Semele*, to *Jove*'s embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddeſs broke
To ſudden fury, and abruptly ſpoke.

" Are my reproaches of ſo ſmall a force?
" 'Tis time I then purſue another courſe:
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die,
" If I'm indeed the Miſtreſs of the Sky;
" If rightly ſtyl'd among the powers above
" The Wife and Siſter of the thund'ring *Jove*,
" (And none can ſure a Siſter's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
" She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant ſhe riſes to a Mother's name;
" While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her *Jove*,
" And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love:
" But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the skies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies.
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of *Semele* ſhe ſtood.

Old *Beroë*'s decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs;

Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the Nurſe's tone.
The Goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe Foſter-child.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the Nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well, ſays ſhe, if all be true that's ſaid.
" But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.
" Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid,
" Has been by theſe pretended Gods betray'd.
" But if he be indeed the thund'ring *Jove*,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Deſcend triumphant from th'etherial ſky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal *Juno*'s arms.

Th' unwary Nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of *Jove*, when next he ſought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chuſe;
" Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuſe
" Whate'er you ask: May *Styx* confirm my voice,
" Chuſe what you will, and you ſhall have your choice.
" Then, ſays the Nymph, when next you ſeek my Arms,
" May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms,

" With

" With which your *Juno*'s boſom you enflame,
" And fill with tranſport Heaven's immortal dame.
The God ſurpriz'd would fain have ſtopp'd her voice:
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice.

To keep his promiſe he aſcends, and ſhrowds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
And yet, the dazling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize:
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the Giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* plain.
'Twas of a leſſer mould, and lighter weight;
They call it Thunder of a Second rate.
For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*'s command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious God, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flaſhes, and the thunder's rage,

Conſum'd

Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preſerve his off-ſpring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoaking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her Foſter-child;
Then the *Niſeans*, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while theſe tranſactions paſt on earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When *Jove*, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of publick empire, and the cares of ſtate;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth, ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,)
"The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
"More dull and dead, than what you females ſhare.
Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide;
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted Snakes he in conjunction view'd;

When

When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke.
But, after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame Serpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
" And if, ſays he, ſuch virtue in you lie,
" That he who dares your ſlimy folds untie
" Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try.
Again he ſtruck the Snakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtrait recover'd into Man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for *Jove:* When *Juno* fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But *Jove* (for ſo it is in Heaven decreed,
That no one God repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair *Liriope* his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;
This Nymph the God *Cephiſus* had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,

And

And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, ſollicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,
Conſults the ſage *Tireſias*, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.

Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a love-ſick maid her flame confeſs'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The love-ſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.

Once, in the woods, as he purſu'd the chace,
The babbling *Echo* had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks her ſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with every ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the Goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,

This Nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The Goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
" Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little uſe.
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimick ſounds, and accents not her own.

This love-ſick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
The Boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not Words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to Return the ſound.

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narciſſus* move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it Doubles every ſound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymphs in vain careſs the Boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy;
When one fair Virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.

There ſtands a fountain in a darkſom wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves not riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bowers of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narciſſus on the graſſie verdure lies:
But whilſt within the cryſtal ſount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats ariſe.
For as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtick ſhade;
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead, and the ſparkling eyes;

The

The hands that *Bacchus* might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round *Apollo*'s head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry glaſs.
By his own flames conſum'd the lover lies,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thy ſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
" You trees, ſays he, and thou ſurrounding grove,
" Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
" Tell me, if e'er within your ſhades did lie
" A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I?

" I

" I who before me ſee the charming fair,
" Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
" In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
" And yet no bulwark'd town, nor diſtant coaſt,
" Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
" No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
" A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimick wears a face
" That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
" Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
" My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
" But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
" With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
" When-e'er I ſtoop he offers at a kiſs,
" And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
" His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps.
" When-e'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.

" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is my ſelf I love, my ſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me.

" I

" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from my ſelf remove!
" And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
" My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
" But oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine.

This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears deface'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries *Narciſſus*, doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no further bleſt.
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,

Ere

Ere yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As Wax diſſolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the Sun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted *Echo* ſu'd in vain.

She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpight of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan:
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, *Narciſſus* cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.
" Farewel, ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, " Farewel.
Then on th'unwholeſome earth he gaſping lies,
'Till death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes.
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the *Stygian* waves it ſelf admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
Whom the ſad *Echo* anſwers in her turn:
And now the Siſter-Nymphs prepare his urn;

When,

When, looking for his corps, they only found
A riſing Stalk, with Yellow Bloſſoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This ſad event gave blind *Tireſias* fame,
Through *Greece* eſtabliſh'd in a Prophet's name.

Th' unhallow'd *Pentheus* only durſt deride
The cheated people, and their eyeleſs guide.
To whom the Prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, preſumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me:
" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young God's ſolemnities appear;
" Which if thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcaſs, into pieces torn,
" Shall ſtrew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind *Tireſias* ſaw too well.
Still *Pentheus* ſcorns him, and derides his skill;
But Time did all the Prophet's threats fulfil.
For now thro' proſtrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
Whilſt howling matrons celebrate the God.
All ranks and ſexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.

When

When *Pentheus* thus his wicked rage expreſs'd;
" What madneſs, *Thebans*, has your ſouls poſſeſs'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beaſtly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
" Of women's yell thoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,
" Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our Sires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country Gods;
" Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
" But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
" Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
" Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
" The Serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
" He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
" And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
" If *Thebes* muſt fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
" Then might the *Thebans* periſh with renown:
" But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town;
" Whom nor the prancing ſteed, nor pond'rous ſhield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the duſty field,
" But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
" The purple veſts, and flowery garland pleaſe.

" Stand

" Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his God-head, and confeſs the cheat.
" *Acriſius* from the *Grecian* walls repell'd
" This boaſted power; why then ſhould *Pentheus* yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity.
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites prôfane;
His friends diſſuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his Grándfire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
But if with damms its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty Prince to ſeize the God;
The God they found not in the frantick throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce with-held his hands, while thus he ſpoke:
" Vile ſlave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew:

" Thy

" Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad *Orgies*, tell.

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high *Meonia*'s rocky ſhores I came,
" Of poor deſcent, *Acætes* is my name:
" My Sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd.
" His whole eſtate within the Waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
" In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
" There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy;
" 'Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
" The bright *Täygete*, and the ſhining *Bears*,
" With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.

" Once, as by chance for *Delos* I deſign'd,
" My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,

" Moor'd

" Moor'd in a *Chian* creek; aſhore I went,
" And all the following night in *Chios* ſpent.
" When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
" Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" *Opheltes* heard my ſummons, and with joy
" Brought to the ſhoar a ſoft and lovely Boy,
" With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.

" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each Heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
" And ſaw Divinity in all his face.
" I know not who, ſaid I, this God ſhould be;
" But that he is a God I plainly ſee:
" And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuſe the force
" Theſe men have us'd, and oh befriend our courſe!
" Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd;
" *Dictys*, that could the Main-top-maſt beſtride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide.
" To the ſame purpoſe old *Epopeus* ſpoke,
" Who over-look'd the oars, and time'd the ſtroke;
" The ſame the Pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
" Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt.

" Nay, Heaven forbid that I ſhould bear away
" Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,
" Said I; and ſtood to hinder their intent:
" When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder ſent
" From *Tuſcany*, to ſuffer baniſhment,
" With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me over board,
" Had not my hands in falling graſp'd a cord.

" His baſe confederates the fact approve;
" When *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) begun to move,
" Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they rais'd;
" And ſhook his drowſie limbs, and round him gaz'd:
" What means this noiſe? he cries; am I betray'd?
" Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?
" Fear not, ſaid *Proreus*, child, but tell us where
" You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care.
" To *Naxos* then direct your courſe, ſays he;
" *Naxos* a hoſpitable port ſhall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every God, that rules the ſea or ſky,
" The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
" And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedleſs of the fraud, for *Naxos* ſtand:
" They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey.
" To tack about, and ſteer another way.

" Then

‘ Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
‘ Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed.
‘ What, ſays *Ethalion*, muſt the ſhip's whole crew
‘ Follow your humour, and depend on you?
“ And ſtrait himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
“ And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.

“ The beauteous youth now found himſelf betray'd,
“ And from the deck the riſing waves ſurvey'd,
“ And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid;
“ And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
“ Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
“ Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
“ Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?

“ In vain did I the God-like youth deplore,
“ The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
“ And now by all the Gods in Heaven that hear
“ This ſolemn oath, by *Bacchus'* ſelf, I ſwear,
“ The mighty miracle that did enſue,
“ Although it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
“ The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
“ Unmov'd by all the beating billows ſtood.
“ In vain the Mariners would plow the main
“ With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
“ Around their oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
“ And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves:

" The ſails are cover'd with a chearful green,
" And Berries in the fruitful canvaſe ſeen.
" Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
" Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.

" The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of ſpotted Panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his ſpear,
" My mates, ſurpriz'd with madneſs or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; firſt perjur'd *Madon* found
" Rough Scales and Fins his ſtiff'ning ſides ſurround;
" Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
" Strait his own mouth grew Wider as he ſpoke;
" And now himſelf he views with like ſurprize.
" Still at his oar th' induſtrious *Libys* plies;
" But, as he plies, each buſy arm ſhrinks in,
" And by degrees is faſhion'd to a Fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
" With his broad Fins and Forky Tail he laves
" The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd around the ſhip,
" Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
" And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen Sailors did the ſhip convey,
" A ſhole of nineteen Dolphins round her play.

" I

" I only in my proper ſhape appear,
" Speechleſs with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the *Chian* ſhore,
" And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.

" This forging ſlave, ſays *Pentheus*, would prevail,
" O'er our juſt fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
" Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire.
Th' officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd Captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their ſong.
And as the fiery War-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound;
Tranſported thus he heard the frantick rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.

A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the raſh *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtick *Orgies* ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy Jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, "The Boar that lays our country waſte!
"The Boar, my Siſters! aim the fatal dart,
"And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart.

Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt *Autonöe*, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.
Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.
In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and; heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
"And this, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be *Agavè*'s ſhare.
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.

Soon

Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay *Pentheus* ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.

By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The *Thebans* tremble, and confeſs the God.

The Story of SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS.

From the Fourth Book of OVID'S *Metamorphoſes.*

HOW *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling ſtreams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naïads* nurſt an infant heretofore,
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright Parents through the Infant's face.
When fifteen years, in *Ida*'s cool retreat,
The Boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.

With

With eager ſteps the *Lycian* fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight:
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.
A Nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race:
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only ſtranger to *Diana*'s train:
Her Siſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry,
" Fie *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe.
Nor Quiver ſhe nor Arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
But oft would bathe her in the cryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſt her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood,
To view the Boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.

Fain wou'd ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
" Bright youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy features prove
" A God, and, if a God, the God of love;
" But if a Mortal, bleſt thy Nurſe's breaſt,
" Bleſt are thy Parents, and thy Siſters bleſt:
" But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy Bride,
" Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
" If ſo, let mine the Stoln enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing Bride in me.

The Boy knew nought of love, and toucht with ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of Fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the Moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The Nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a Siſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely Boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to my ſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.
" Fair ſtranger then, ſays ſhe, it ſhall be ſo;
And, for ſhe fear'd his threat, ſhe feign'd to go;

But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, her ſelf unſeen.
The Boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore,
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers, as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the Nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As Lillies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the *Naïad* cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the Boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe clipt, and kiſt the ſtrugling Boy.

So

So when the wrigling Snake is ſnatcht on high
In Eagle's claws, and hiſſes in the Sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The reſtleſs Boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs intwin'd,
" And why, coy youth, ſhe cries, why thus unkind!
" Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever Join'd!
" Oh may we never, never Part again!
So pray'd the Nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain:
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
'Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in One:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.

The Boy, thus loſt in Woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You Parent Gods, whoſe heavenly names I bear,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my prayer;

Oh

Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
If Man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but Half a Man!

The heavenly Parents anſwer'd, from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

Some of the foregoing STORIES *in* OVID's *Metamorphoſes.*

On the Story of PHAETON, page 148.

THE Story of *Phaeton* is told with a greater air of majeſty and grandeur than any other in all *Ovid*. It is indeed the moſt important ſubject he treats of, except the Deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the Conflagration he hints at in the firſt Book;

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia cæli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret.

(tho' the learned apply thoſe verſes to the future burning of the world) for it fully anſwers that deſcription, if the

——Cæli miſerere tui, circumſpice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus ——

Fumat

Fumat uterque polus —— comes up to *Correptaque Regia cœli* — Beſides it is *Ovid*'s cuſtom to prepare the reader for a following ſtory, by giving ſome intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly neceſſary to be done before he led us into ſo ſtrange a ſtory as this he is now upon.

P. 148. l. 7. *For in the portal,* &c.] We have here the picture of the univerſe drawn in little.

—— *Balænarumque prementem*
Ægeona ſuis immania terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

—— *Facies non omnibus Una,*
Nec Diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving *Doris* and her daughters ſuch a difference in their looks as is natural to different perſons, and yet ſuch a likeneſs as ſhow'd their affinity.

Terra viros, urbeſque gerit, ſylvaſque, feraſque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et cætera numina Ruris.

The leſs important figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the Painters call a *Grouppe.*

—— *Circum caput omne micantes*
Depoſuit radios; propiuſque accedere juſſit.

P. 150. l. 11. *And flung the blaze,* &c.] It gives us a great image of *Phœbus*, that the youth was forc'd to look on him at a diſtance, and not able to approach him 'till

'till he had lain aſide the circle of rays that caſt ſuch a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where obſerve in *Ovid*, that he never fails of a due Loftineſs in his Ideas, tho' he wants it in his Words. And this I think infinitely better than to have ſublime expreſſions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of *Claudian* and *Statius*. But this is not conſider'd by them who run down *Ovid* in the groſs, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more ſimple and unadorn'd, than his deſcription of *Enceladus* in the ſixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque reſurgere ſæpe,
Dextra ſed Auſonio manus eſt ſubjecta Peloro,
Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, ſub quâ reſupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.

But the image we have here is truly great and ſublime, of a Giant vomiting out a tempeſt of fire, and heaving up all *Sicily*, with the body of an Iſland upon his Breaſt, and a vaſt Promontory on either Arm.

There are few books that have had worſe Commentators on them than *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*. Thoſe of the graver ſort have been wholly taken up in the *Mythologies*, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have ſhewn us out of an old author that *Ovid* is miſtaken in a Pedigree, or has turned ſuch a perſon into a Wolf that ought to have been made a Tiger. Others have employed themſelves on what never entered into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every ſtory, and making the perſons of his poems to be only nick-names for ſuch virtues or vices; particularly the pious Commentator, *Alexander Roſs*, has dived deeper into our Author's deſign than any of the reſt; for he diſcovers in him the greateſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, and finds

finds almoſt in every page ſome typical repreſentation of the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil. But if theſe writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the ſurface, moſt of them ſerving only to help out a School-boy in the conſtruing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *Gnomæ* of the Author, as they call them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a Poet, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by *Italian* characters. The beſt of *Ovid*'s Expoſitors is he that wrote for the *Dauphin*'s uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick, and inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider *Ovid* under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudice of a Tranſlator: which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other Poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but *Ovid* is confeſt to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and by conſequence to be the faireſt ſubject for criticiſm.

P. 151. l. 1. *My ſon, ſays he,* &c] *Phœbus*'s ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the *Terque quaterque Concutiens Illuſtre caput*—— and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly *Ovid*'s, is the repreſenting them juſt as a father wou'd to his young ſon;

Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Hæmonioſque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,

Sævaque

Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

for one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way,

———*Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,*
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina Dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pœna,
Non honor eſt. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poſcis.

and in other places perfectly tattles like a Father, which by the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern of a tender Parent.

——*Patrio Pater eſſe metu probor; aſpice vultus*
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
Inſerere, & Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 153 l. 9. *A golden axle*, &c.] *Ovid* has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully eaſie and natural in him. The repetition of *Aureus*, and the tranſition to *Argenteus*, in the deſcription of the Chariot, give theſe verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty.

Aureus Axis erat, temo Aureus, Aurea ſummæ
Curvatura Rotæ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.

P. 154. *l* 7. *Drive them not on directly*, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate *Ovid* againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the Sun The *Dauphin*'s notes tell us that *Ovid* knew very well the Sun did not paſs through all the Signs

Signs he names in one day, but that he makes *Phœbus* mention them only to frighten *Phaeton* from the undertaking. But though this may anſwer for what *Phœbus* ſays in his firſt ſpeech, it cannot for what is ſaid in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum eſt lato Curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit auſtralem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton

deſcribes the motion through all the *Zodiac.*

P. 154. l. 23. *And not my Chariot,* &c.] *Ovid*'s verſe is *Conſiliis non Curribus utere noſtris.* This way of joining two ſuch different *Ideas* as Chariot and Counſel to the ſame verb is mightily uſed by *Ovid,* but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of *Pun,* becauſe the verb muſt be taken in a different ſenſe when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this ſtory he tells you that *Jupiter* flung a thunderbolt at *Phaeton* —— *Pariterque, animâque, rotiſque expulit Aurigam* where he makes a forced piece of *Latin* (*Animâ expulit aurigam*) that he may couple the Soul and the Wheels to the ſame verb.

P. 155. l. 21. *The youth was in a maze,* &c.] It is impoſſible for a man to be drawn in a greater confuſion than *Phaeton* is; but the *Antitheſis* of light and darkneſs a little flattens the deſcription. *Suntque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.*

Ibid. l. 24. *Then the ſeven ſtars,* &c.] I wonder none of *Ovid*'s Commentators have taken notice of the overſight he has committed in this verſe, where he makes the

the *Triones* grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that *Jupiter* turned *Calisto* into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that *Phaeton* had made in the world.

P. 157. l. ult. Athos *and* Tmolus, &c.] *Ovid* has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the *English* reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 158. l. penult. *'Twas then, they say, the swarthy* Moor, &c.] This is the only *Metamorphosis* in all this long story, which contrary to custom is inserted in the middle of it. The Criticks may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if *Ovid* had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient *Mythologists*, we should have seen *Phaeton* turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the Sun; or perhaps into an Eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 159. l. 20. *The frighted* Nile, &c.] *Ovid* has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the *Nile*,

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine Flumine Valles,

are as noble as *Virgil* could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus Arenæ,

because

becauſe the thought is too near the other. The image of the *Cyclades* is a very pretty one;

——*Quos altum texerat æquor*
Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the Swans grew warm in *Cäyſter*,

——*Medio volucres caluere* Cäyſtro,

and that the Dolphins durſt not leap,

——*Nec ſe ſuper æquora curvi*
Tollere conſuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

P. 160. l. 15. *The Earth at length*, &c.] We have here a ſpeech of the *Earth*, which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an *Engliſh* reader. It is I believe the boldeſt *Proſopopœia* of any in the old Poets; or if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.

On EUROPA's *Rape, page* 188.

P. 189. l. 3. *The dignity of empire*, &c.] This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur,
Majeſtas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appear'd very prophane.

P. 190.

P. 190. l. 17. *The frighted Nymph looks*, &c.] This conſternation and behaviour of *Europa*

——Eluſam deſignat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas,

is better deſcribed in *Arachne*'s picture in the ſixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of *Tatius* his *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, than in either place. It is indeed uſual among the *Latin* Poets (who had more art and reflection than the *Grecian*) to take hold of all opportunities to deſcribe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action it ſelf; becauſe in the deſcription of a picture you have a double ſubject before you, either to deſcribe the picture it ſelf, or what is repreſented in it.

On the Stories in the Third Book, page 192.

FAB. I.

There is ſo great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoſes, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a maſter of all ſtyles, and every different way of writing. *Ovid* indeed ſhows himſelf moſt in a familiar ſtory, where the chief grace is to be eaſie and natural; but wants neither ſtrength of thought nor expreſſion, when he endeavours after it, in the more ſublime and manly ſubjects of his poem. In the preſent fable the Serpent is terribly deſcribed, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that repreſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we uſually meet with

with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow.

P. 194. l. penult. *Spire above Spire*, &c.] *Ovid* to make his Serpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his Champion, has given too great a looſe to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he rais'd up but half his body he o'er-looked a tall foreſt of Oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the Serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him. *Virgil* is not aſhamed of making *Æneas* fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formidable foe, where he gives us the deſcription of *Polyphemus*, in the third book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we ſhould certainly have ſeen *Cadmus* hewing down the *Cyclops*, had he fallen in *Ovid*'s way: or if *Statius*'s little *Tydeus* had been thrown on *Sicily*, it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.

——*Phœnïcas, ſivè illi tela parabant,*
Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat: ——

P. 195. l. 6. *In vain the* Tyrians, &c] The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroick ſtyle: He has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the behaviour of the *Tyrians* at the ſight of the Serpent:

——*Tegimen direpta Leoni*
Pellis erat; telum ſplendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum; teloque animus præſtantior omni.

And

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a labour'd line! *Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to express the Serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

P. 198. l. 8. *And flings the future,* &c.] The Description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in *Ovid:* It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *Messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 13. *The breathing harvest,* &c.] *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only *Messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different Ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all Three.

This way of mixing two different Ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The *Latin* Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this

this quality into an epithete of what we deſcribe. Thus *Claudian*, having got a hollow ball of Cryſtal with water in the midſt of it for his ſubject, takes the advantage of conſidering the Cryſtal as hard, ſtony, precious Water, and the Water as ſoft, fluid, imperfect Cryſtal; and thus ſports off above a dozen Epigrams, in ſetting his Words and Ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himſelf up ſo much to this way of writing, that a man may eaſily know where to meet with them when he ſees his ſubject, and often ſtrains ſo hard for them that he many times makes his deſcriptions bombaſtic and unnatural. What work would he have made with *Virgil*'s Golden Bough, had he been to deſcribe it? We ſhould certainly have ſeen the yellow Bark, golden Sprouts, radiant Leaves, blooming Metal, branching Gold, and all the Quarrels that could have been raiſed between words of ſuch different natures: When we ſee *Virgil* contented with his *Auri frondentis*; and what is the ſame, though much finer expreſſed, — *Frondeſcit virga Metallo*. This compoſition of different Ideas is often met with in a whole ſentence, where circumſtances are happily reconciled that ſeem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the *Latin* Poets, (for the *Greeks* wanted Art for it) in their deſcriptions of Pictures, Images, Dreams, Apparitions, Metamorphoſes, and the like; where they bring together two ſuch thwarting Ideas, by making one part of their deſcriptions relate to the repreſentation, and the other to the thing that is repreſented. Of this nature is that verſe, which, perhaps, is the Wittieſt in *Virgil*; *Attollens humeris Famamque et Fata nepotum*, *Æn.* 8, where he deſcribes *Æneas* carrying on his Shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Poſterity; which, though very odd and ſurprizing, is plainly made out, when we conſider how theſe diſagreeing Ideas are reconciled, and his Poſterity's fame and

fate made portable by being engraven on the ſhield. Thus, when *Ovid* tells us that *Pallas* tore in pieces *Arachne*'s work, where ſhe had embroidered all the rapes that the Gods had committed, he ſays —— *Rupit cæleſtia Crimina*. I ſhall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent ſtroke of this nature out of Mr. *Montagu*'s Poem to the King; where he tells us how the King of *France* would have been celebrated by his ſubjects, if he had ever gained ſuch an honourable wound as King *William*'s at the fight of the *Boin*:

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And run *for ever* purple *in the Looms.*

FAB. II.

P. 199. l. 13. *Here* Cadmus *reign'd.*] This is a pretty ſolemn tranſition to the ſtory of *Actæon*, which is all naturally told. The Goddeſs, and her Maids undreſſing her, are deſcribed with diverting circumſtances. *Actæon*'s flight, confuſion and griefs are paſſionately repreſented; but it is pity the whole Narration ſhould be ſo careleſly cloſed up.

——Ut abeſſe queruntur,
Nec capere oblatæ ſegnem ſpectacula prædæ.
Vellet abeſſe quidem, ſed adeſt, velletque videre,
Non etiam ſentire, Canum fera facta ſuorum.

P. 203. l. 7. *A generous pack*, &c.] I have not here troubled my ſelf to call over *Actæon*'s pack of dogs in rhime: *Spot* and *Whitefoot* make but a mean figure in heroick verſe, and the *Greek* names *Ovid* uſes would ſound a great deal worſe. He cloſes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jeſt on it, *Quoſque referre mora eſt* —— which, by

by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other ſerious parts of this ſtory.

This way of inſerting Catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the *Latins* took from the *Greeks*, but have made them more pleaſing than thoſe they imitate, by adapting ſo many delightful characters to their perſons names; in which part *Ovid*'s copiouſneſs of invention, and great inſight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The ſmoothneſs of our *Engliſh* verſe is too much loſt by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwiſe very natural and abſolutely neceſſary in ſome caſes; as before a battle to raiſe in our minds an anſwerable expectation of the event, and a lively Idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had *Homer* or *Virgil* only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thouſand of each ſide, our imagination could not poſſibly have been ſo affected, as when we ſee every Leader ſingled out, and every Regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 205. l. 4. *How* Semele, *&c.*] This is one of *Ovid*'s finiſh'd ſtories. The tranſition to it is proper and unforced: *Juno*, in her two ſpeeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a reſenting Goddeſs and a tattling Nurſe: *Jupiter* makes a very majeſtick figure with his Thunder and Lightning, but it is ſtill ſuch a one as ſhows who drew it; for who does not plainly diſcover *Ovid*'s hand in the

Quà tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanûm dejecerat igne Typhœa,

Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Eſt aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
Tela Secunda vocant ſuperi. ———

P. 206. l. 8. *'Tis well, ſays ſhe,* &c.] *Virgil* has made a *Beroë* of one of his Goddeſſes in the fifth *Æneid*; but if we compare the ſpeech ſhe there makes with that of her name-ſake in this ſtory, we may find the genius of each Poet diſcovering it ſelf in the language of the Nurſe: *Virgil*'s *Iris* could not have ſpoken more majeſtically in her own ſhape; but *Juno* is ſo much altered from her ſelf in *Ovid*, that the Goddeſs is quite loſt in the Old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 211 *l.* 15. *She can't begin,* &c.] If playing on words be excuſable in any Poem it is in this, where *Echo* is a ſpeaker; but it is ſo mean a kind of wit, that if it deſerves excuſe it can claim no more.

Mr. *Lock*, in his *Eſſay of human underſtanding*, has given us the beſt account of Wit in ſhort, that can any where be met with. Wit, ſays he, lies in the aſſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy. Thus does True wit, as this incomparable Author obſerves, generally conſiſt in the Likeneſs of Ideas, and is more or leſs Wit, as this likeneſs in Ideas is more ſurprizing and unexpected. But as True wit is nothing elſe but a ſimilitude in Ideas, ſo is Falſe wit the ſimilitude in Words, whether it lies in the likeneſs of Letters only, as in Anagram and Acroſtic; or of Syllables, as in Doggrel rhimes; or whole Words, as

as Puns, Echo's, and the like. Beſide theſe two kinds of Falſe and True wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has ſomething of both in it. When in two Ideas that have ſome reſemblance with each other, and are both expreſſed by the ſame word, we make uſe of the ambiguity of the word to ſpeak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, moſt languages have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies Fire, to expreſs Love by, (and therefore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the Ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they have once called Love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the Ideas that is annexed to it. When *Ovid*'s *Apollo* falls in love he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languiſh with this paſſion, they kindle in the water; the *Greek* Epigrammatiſt fell in love with one that flung a ſnow-ball at him, and therefore takes occaſion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in ſnow. In ſhort, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that reſembles ſomething in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding inſtances, he finds any circumſtance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumſtance to it ſurpriſes his reader with a ſeeming contradiction. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on this inſtance, had it not been ſo frequent in *Ovid*, who is the greateſt admirer of this mixt wit of all the Ancients, as our *Cowley* is among the Moderns. *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the greateſt Poets ſcorned it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verſes; one would wonder therefore how ſo ſublime a genius as *Milton* could ſometimes fall into it, in ſuch a work as an Epic Poem. But we muſt attribute it to

his humouring the vicious taſte of the age he lived in, and the falſe judgment of our unlearned Engliſh readers in general, who have few of them a reliſh of the more maſculine and noble beauties of Poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid ſeems particularly pleaſed with the ſubject of this ſtory, but has notoriouſly fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has ſaid enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twiſted that one thought of *Narciſſus*'s being the perſon beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe.
——Qui probat, ipſe probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipſe ſuos——
Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better inſtance of the extravagance and wantonneſs of *Ovid*'s fancy, than in that particular circumſtance at the end of the ſtory, of *Narciſſus*'s gazing on his face after death in the *Stygian* waters. The deſign was very bold, of making a Boy fall in love with himſelf here on earth, but to torture him with the ſame paſſion after death, and not to let his ghoſt reſt in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 212. l. 17. *But whilſt within,* &c] *Dumque ſitim ſedare cupit ſitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that Mixed wit I have before ſpoken of, but I think the meaſure of Pun in it out weighs the True wit; for if we expreſs the thought in other words the turn is almoſt loſt.

loſt. This paſſage of *Narciſſus* probably gave *Milton* the hint of applying it to *Eve*, though I think her ſurprize at the ſight of her own face in the water, far more juſt and natural, than this of *Narciſſus*. She was a raw unexperienced Being, juſt created, and therefore might eaſily be ſubject to the deluſion; but *Narciſſus* had been in the world ſixteen years, was brother and ſon to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be ſuppoſed converſant with fountains long before this fatal miſtake.

P. 213. l. 23. *You trees, ſays he,* &c.] *Ovid* is very juſtly celebrated for the paſſionate ſpeeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to conſider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for ſmothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or ſpent before we come to his concluſion; for we cannot at the ſame time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the perſon that ſpeaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well obſerved, *Lamentationes debent eſſe breves et conciſæ, nam Lachrymæ ſubitò excreſcit, et difficile eſt Auditorem vel Lectorem in ſummo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in *Narciſſus*'s condition have cry'd out——— *Inopem me Copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his ſorrows for the ſake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam noſtro ſecedere corpore poſſem!
Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abeſſet.

None, I ſuppoſe, can be much grieved for one that is ſo witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where obſerve in *Ovid*, that he employs his Invention

more than his Judgment, and ſpeaks all the ingenious things that can be ſaid on the ſubject, rather than thoſe which are particularly proper to the perſon and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 218. l. 1. *When* Pentheus thus.] There is a great deal of ſpirit and fire in this ſpeech of *Pentheus*, but I believe none beſides *Ovid* would have thought of the transformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the *Thebans* courage, when he deſires them not to degenerate from their great Fore-father the *Dragon*, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Eſte, precor, memores, quâ ſitis ſtirpe creati,
Illiuſque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite ſerpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite veſtrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.——

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of *Acœtes* has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the *Latin* very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good Similes on *Pentheus*, where he compares him to a River in a former ſtory, and to a War-horſe in the preſent.

PROLOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA *and* HIPPOLITUS.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

LONG has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and through the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs expreſs their martial Fire,
Combat in Trills, and in a Feuge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undiſturb'd by Wit,
Calm and Serene you indolently ſit:
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles Repartie:
Our Home-ſpun Authors muſt forſake the Field,
And *Shakeſpear* to the ſoft *Scarletti* yield.
To your new Taſte the Poet of this Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had *Valentini*, muſically coy,
Shun'd *Phædra*'s Arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd Joy,

It

It had not mov'd your Wonder to have ſeen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in *Engliſh* ſpeak,
And could *Hippolitus* reply in *Greek?*
But he, a Stranger to your Modiſh Way,
By your old Rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your Foreign Taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

AN ESSAY ON *VIRGIL*'s GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the firſt who introduced three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he copied after three the greateſt maſters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in *Paſtoral* and *Heroics*, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Heſiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the ſweetneſs and ruſticity of a *Paſtoral* cannot be ſo well expreſſed in any other tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixed and qualified with the *Doric* dialect; nor can the majeſty of an Heroick Poem any where appear ſo well as in this language, which has a natural greatneſs in it, and can be often rendred more deep and ſonorous by the pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the Middle ſtyle, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we ſee how far *Virgil* has excelled all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There

There has been abundance of Criticiſm ſpent on *Virgil*'s *Paſtorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a ſubject which none of the Critics have ſufficiently taken into their conſideration; moſt of them paſſing it over in ſilence, or caſting it under the ſame head with *Paſtoral*; a diviſion by no means proper, unleſs we ſuppoſe the ſtyle of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic*, as that of a Shepherd is in *Paſtoral*. But though the ſcene of both theſe Poems lies in the ſame place; the ſpeakers in them are of a quite different character, ſince the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the ſimplicity of a Plowman, but with the addreſs of a Poet. No rules therefore that relate to *Paſtoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, ſince they fall under that claſs of Poetry, which conſiſts in giving plain and direct inſtructions to the reader; whether they be Moral duties, as thoſe of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philoſophical ſpeculations, as thoſe of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or Rules of practice, as thoſe of *Heſiod* and *Virgil*. Among theſe different kinds of ſubjects, that which the *Georgics* go upon, is I think the meaneſt and leaſt improving, but the moſt pleaſing and delightful. Precepts of morality, beſides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from Ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportunity for thoſe beautiful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of Poetry. Natural Philoſophy has indeed ſenſible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its diſputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now ſpeaking of, addreſſes it ſelf wholly to the imagination: It is altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of Nature for its province. It raiſes in our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſcapes, whilſt it teaches us; and makes the dryeſt of its precepts look like

like a deſcription. *A* Georgic *therefore is ſome part of the ſcience of husbandry put into a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all the Beauties and Embelliſhments of Poetry.* Now ſince this ſcience of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet ſhews his skill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. *Virgil* was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that to ſet off his firſt *Georgic*, he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together in the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety, without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſie method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner; For there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chuſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes Poetry from Proſe, and makes *Virgil*'s rules of Husbandry pleaſanter to read than *Varro*'s. Where the Proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his Countryman performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out, as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he

he would communicate to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the reader may ſee the different ways *Virgil* has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond *Georgic*, where he tells us what Trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
——— *Steriles Platani malos geſſere valentes,*
Caſtaneæ fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
——— *Nec longum tempus: & ingens*
Exiit ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the Poet conſidered all the effects of this union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurprize, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the Poets, and is particularly practiſed by *Virgil*, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train

train after it. For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſom to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the Poet muſt take care not to encumber his Poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the Subject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt a while for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the *Georgic*: For they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject, that ſo the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe ſight of the Country, though we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil*'s deſcription of the original of *Agriculture,* of the fruitfulneſs of *Italy,* of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the Poem. I know no one digreſſion in the *Georgics* that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the Firſt book, where the Poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battel of *Pharſalia,* and the actions of *Auguſtus:* But it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his Huſbandman concerned even in what relates to the battel, in thoſe inimitable lines,

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabrâ rubigine pila:

Aut

Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards ſpeaking of *Auguſtus*'s actions, he ſtill remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole Poem.

———Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos : ſqualent abductis arva colonis :
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the Style which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent it ſelf, and riſe up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtyle, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion, but every where to keep up his verſe in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a Phraſe or Saying in common talk, ſhould be admitted into a ſerious Poem; becauſe it takes off from the ſolemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much leſs ought the low phraſes and terms of art, that are adapted to Husbandry, have any place in ſuch a work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural ſimplicity and nakedneſs of its ſubject, but in the pleaſanteſt dreſs that Poetry can beſtow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make uſe of *Tempore* but *Sydere* in his firſt verſe; and every where elſe abounds with *Metaphors*, *Greciſms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his verſe the greater pomp, and preſerve it from ſinking into a *Plebeian* ſtyle. And herein conſiſts

Virgil's

Virgil's maſter-piece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himſelf in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more ſtrong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themſelves: And find our imaginations more affected by his deſcriptions, than they would have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes.

I ſhall now, after this ſhort ſcheme of rules, conſider the different ſucceſs that *Heſiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us ſome further notion of the excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Heſiod*; if we may gueſs at his character from his writings, he had much more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good Husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in deſcribing month after month with its proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the Poem, and make the whole look but like a modern Almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may before-hand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſun-ſhine in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of *January*, 'The wild beaſts, 'ſays he, run ſhivering through the woods with their heads 'ſtooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between 'their legs; the Goats and Oxen are almoſt flea'd with 'cold;

'cold; but it is not ſo bad with the Sheep, becauſe they 'have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men 'too are bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young 'girls feel nothing of it who ſit at home with their mo-'thers by a warm fire-ſide' Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt Poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough sketch of a *Georgic:* Where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of Tillage and Planting into two books, which *Heſiod* has diſpatched in half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both Poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright Countryman, and in the other, ſomething of a ruſtick majeſty, like that of a *Roman* Dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of *Aratus,* where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has pickt out thoſe that are moſt proper for his Husbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors than any of the reſt. The Poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire, and the like, to his Trees. The laſt *Georgic* has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a Bee, than to an inanimate Plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a Country life, as they are deſcribed by *Virgil* in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of *Virgil*'s mind in preferring even the life of a Philoſopher to it.

We may, I think, read the Poet's clime in his deſcription, for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it.

——*O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi*
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the deſcription of a ſunny hill, and fire-ſide.

The Third *Georgic* ſeems to be the moſt laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and ſpirit in the deſcription of the Horſe and Chariot-race. The force of Love is repreſented in noble inſtances, and very ſublime expreſſions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expreſſiveneſs that words can give. It was here that the Poet ſtrained hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the deſcription of his plague, and if the reader would ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* ſeems no where ſo well pleaſed, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth *Georgic:* and enno-

bles

bles the actions of ſo trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the moſt important concerns of mankind. His verſes are not in a greater noiſe and hurry in the battels of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two ſwarms. And as in his *Æneis* he compares the labours of his *Trojans* to thoſe of Bees and Piſmires, here he compares the labours of the Bees to thoſe of the *Cyclops*. In ſhort, the laſt *Georgic* was a good prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well ſhewed what the Poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by his deſcribing the mock-grandeur of an Inſect with ſo good a grace. There is more pleaſantneſs in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the ſpacious walks and water-works of *Rapin*. The ſpeech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude ſo divine a work.

After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I ſhould in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are ſome few parts in it that are not ſo beautiful as the reſt, I ſhall not preſume to name them, as rather ſuſpecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay ſo long under *Virgil*'s correction, and had his laſt hand put to it. The firſt *Georgic* was probably burleſqued in the Author's lifetime; for we ſtill find in the Scholiaſts a verſe that ridicules part of a line tranſlated from *Heſiod*. *Nudus ara, ſere nudus*— And we may eaſily gueſs at the judgment of this extraordinary Critick, whoever he was, from his cenſuring this particular precept. We may be ſure *Virgil* would not have tranſlated it from *Heſiod*, had he not diſcovered ſome beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before obſerved to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the precept ſo indirectly,

rectly, and ſingling out the particular circumſtance of ſowing and plowing Naked, to ſuggeſt to us that theſe employments are proper only in the Hot ſeaſon of the year.

I ſhall not here compare the ſtyle of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the reader may ſee already done in the preface to the ſecond volume of *Miſcellany Poems*; but ſhall conclude this Poem to be the moſt complete, elaborate, and finiſh'd piece of all Antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more Perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but thoſe of the *Georgic* are more exquiſite. In ſhort, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greateſt Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment ſettled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

The End of the Firſt Volume.